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# THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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VOL. 43 EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909. NO. 44.


### Seriously Ill.

The venerable W. M. Dixon is seriously ill at the home of his son, W. L. Dixon, at East Emporium. Mr. Dixon, who is 83 years old, first suffered with heart trouble, now has dropsy of a very bad form, being entirely helpless. We sincerely trust Mr. Dixon will have a speedy recovery.

### Going South.

Gordan Howlett, Asst. Supt. of Central Lumber Company, and J. B. Hiney, both of Sterling Run, left on Tuesday for North and South Carolina, where they will assist Supt. C. G. Minick, of Ridway, estimate timber. All are practical woodsmen and can do the heaviest estimating in the land.

### The Cruise Around the World.

New York, Dec. 13th, 1909.—A cable yesterday announced the "Cleveland" as arriving at Batavia, in Java. To reach Java, the most beautiful and interesting of all tropical countries, it is necessary to cross the Equator and we judge the usual high jinks incident to "crossing the line" were indulged in.

FRANK C. CLARK.

### Mrs. W. L. Thomas Very Ill.

As we close the forms, we are sorry announce to that Mrs Thomas, wife of Commissioners' Clerk Wm. L. Thomas, is very seriously ill at their home on Whittemore Hill, from the after effects of an operation recently performed at Philadelphia. The last report says she is resting a little easier. Dr. R. P. Heilman is in attendance.

### Rescue Dance.

Ex-Sheriff Mundy, Ralph Kautz and Ed. Extrom called at the PRESS office. Tuesday evening and contracted for printing for the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company annual dance, on Friday evening, Dec. 31st. The popular Germania Orchestra, of Lock Haven, has been engaged for the occasion. Boys, purchase your tickets, and secure your partner, early. There will be a grand rush for girls.

### An Agreeable Caller.

William Kaye, of Westboro, Wis., where he is associated with the Westboro Lumber Co., was in Emporium last week and paid the PRESS a business call, accompanied by Hon. Josiah Howard. Mr Kaye came east to attend the funeral of his mother at Williamsport.

Will's many friends in Emporium—and there are many—were glad to meet him once more and regret he is not with us permanently. Of course he pushed the date on his PRESS away ahead.

### F. O. E.

Emporium Aerie, No. 958, Fraternal Order of Eagles, have elected the following officers, to serve them the ensuing year: Worthy President, Dr. H. S. Falk; Worthy Vice President, Guy A. Klees; Chaplain, R. Emmet Tulis; Secretary, Harry Derby; Worthy Treasurer, John Cummings; Inside Guard, J. M. McCool; Outside Guard, J. R. Klees; Trustees, Charles J. Howard, Dr. H. W. Mitchell, Bernard Egan; Aerie Physician, Dr. W. H. Bush. Emporium Aerie is in a very flourishing condition, having a membership of 92, and are initiating novices at every meeting. They have paid for sickness and distress, for the past year, the sum of $310 00, and in addition have furnished free medical attention to the 92 members and their families. On January 12th, 1910, the above named officers will be installed with full ceremony of the Order. They will also initiate into the mysteries of Eagledom, class of 10 or 15 candiates on the same date.

## DEATH'S DOINGS.

SMITH.

THOMAS SMITH, SR., aged 57 years died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Wagner at this place, on Tuesday morning. Mr. Smith had been in failing health for some time and only recently returned home from the hospital at Williamsport, where he received medical aid. Deceased is survived by a large family of children, several of whom are grown up and the four smaller children having been takn to St Vincent's Catholic Home at Erie a few weeks ago The funeral was held from the residence of his daughter on Fourth street on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Father T. B Downey, officiating. Mr. Bernard Egan was the funeral director.

MIX.

LYDIA BARR MIX, widow of the late Henry Mix, deceased, died at her home at Mix Run, December 6th, 1909, aged 77 years, three months and five days.

Mrs. Mix had been an invalid for a long time, having had some time ago, a paralytic stroke from which she never made a complete recovery. She preferred however, to live in her own house, which was near to the residence of her son, Newton Mix, and until her last fatal illness, she was able to do her own household work.

During her last sickness, Mrs. Mix was cared for by her son, James H. Mix, of Penfield, assisted by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Dill, and other relatives.

The funeral took place on Thursday, Dec. 9th, at her home, Rev. Graham, of Penfield, officiating.

### For Rent.

One six room house, with bath, city water, gas, cellar and all modern improvements. R. SEGER.

Foley's Orino Laxative is best for women and children. Its mild action and pleasaht taste make it preferable to violent purgatives. such as pills, tablets, etc. Cures constipation. Sold by all druggists.

### Senior Class Enetrtained.

The Senior Class of the Emporium High School held an informal gathering and spread at the home of J. Warner Judd, last Friday evening. The amusements were many and varied. A mid-night lunch was served, the dining room being tastefully decorated with class pennats and the class colors, black and orange. All reported a fine time. All were rather hoarse the next day as each member of the faculty was serenaded with the class yells on the way home. The members of the class are: Misses Helen Cook, Mary Orr, Mable Morrison, Flavia Lathrop, Martha Burns, Louisa Welsh, Cora Hackett, Agnes Welsh, Mae Mulcahy and Helen Smutz, Messrs. Joe McNzrney. Edwin Baldwin, Earl McDougall and J. Warner Judd.

### Third Birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs entertained twenty little people at their home on Fifth street on Tuesday afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock, in honor of the third birthday of thier little son, Master Joseph William Gibbs. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in games and other childish sports. Refreshments were served and each one present was presented with a souvenir postal card. Those present were Misses Philomene Blinzler, Sarah Kaye, Matilda Seibendrith, Mildred Panton, Ruth Lingle, Mildred Turley, Editha Craven, Regis Staley, Ada Tompkins, Christie Edwards, Mae Rutz; Masters Robert Baker, Ronald Panton, John Prosser, Jay Moore, Dorse Moore, Paul Tompkins, James Burnett, Kenith Dininny and James Haley.

### First Methodist Episcopal Church.

Love feast at 9:30; infant baptism and quarterly Communion at 10:30; Sunday School at 11:45 Services at 7:30 p. m., by Rev. E. M. Stevens, superintendent, communion following. Mr. Stevens will also hold Fourth Quarterly Conference this Friday evening at eight o'clock. Rev. Veshanoff, from Macedonia will address the Epworth League at 6:30 o'clock. (Quarterly meeting offering.)

### Williamsport Commercial College.

Oldest, largest and best commercial school in Central Pennsylvania. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Arithmetic, Spelling, English, Penmanship, Banking, Civil Service and General Office Work. Hundreds of young people owe their start in life to the business education they received here. Salaries are good and employment is sure. Winter term begins January 5th. Write for catalogue.

F. F. HEALEY, Proprietor.

### Perpetual Motion.

A. E. Chapman, formerly a resident of Emporium, son of our friend Almeron Chapman, now residing at Spokane, Wash., claims to have invented a wheel which runs by perpetual motion. "This wheel run for eleven days without the application of power of any kind. Had it not been for the breaking of a cog in the mechanism it would be running yet," says the inventor who lives at 01223 Washington street."—Spokane Journal.

### Masons at Driftwood.

The Masonic Order at Driftwood held a big meeting last Friday evening, followed by a banquet. About fifteen Masons from Emporium were in attendance and report a fine supper and a jolly good time. When it comes to entertaining and good spreads Driftwood people rank among the best.

### Athletic Association Supper.

The supper given at the Reading Rooms last Tuesday evening by the young ladies of the High School for the benefit of the Athletic Association of the school was very largely attended and a neat sum of money was realized for the association. Mrs. Moses Johnson and Mrs. Patterson were the cooks and everything was very good.

### Free Methodist Church.

F. B. SCHRINER, Pastor.

Order of services for Sabbath, Dec. 19th, 1909: Sabbath School at 10 a. m.; morning service 11 a. m., Text Eph. 5:18. Evening service 7:30 p. m. Rev. D. E. C. Veshanoff, M. D., of Thessalonica, Macedonia, Europe, will give an address at the evening service, relating the story of his conversion. He will appear in his native costume, and give an interesting missionary address. A cordial invitation to all. Come,

### "Be of Good Cheer."

When preparing for Christmas or New Year baking you will need pure wines or brandies. We keep in glass, sealed bottles, and warrant our goods strictly pure.

When you entertain your friends you should have the choicest. We have the very best of the best, in wines and liquors, as well as choice cigars.

A. A. MCDONALD.

### Valuable Ring Stolen.

The party who took the lady's ring from one of our show windows, Tuesday. was seen from outside. If the same is promptly returned there will be no tronble. Otherwise prosecution will fellow. Be prompt about it.

H. A. ZARPS.

### Ladies Hat Trimming.

Hats trimmed in latest style at moderate prices and work goaranteed to please. Call at residence, West Fifth street.

43-3 MISS ELIZABETH CRANDELL.

Read Meisel's Xmas adv. and solve that perplexing gift buying question.

### Purchased Mirroscope.

Rev. J. L. Bogue has purchased a mirroscope from the Buckeye Stereoptican Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. This machine will project postal cards and photographs on a screen, enlarging them several times. Any person having a nice collection of postals is welcome to Rev. Bogue's services for a short time in the evening.

### Married.

STREICH–MICHAEL.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Streich, at Emporium. Pa., by Mr. M. M. Larrabee, J. P., Saturday, Dec. 11th, 1909, Miss Elizabeth Maurgerite to Mr. Michael Michael, of Ridgway. The happy gathering, numbered about 70 guests, about fifteen from Ridgway and Hicks Run, many remaining until Monday. The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome presents.

### Leaves for Central America.

Word was received at Emporium on Tuesday morning that Lewis Metz, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Metz, of this place, who is a member of the U. S Marines, would sail from Philadelphia for Nicaragua sometime this week, to be stationed there until the end of the present existing trouble with that country. In the same letter Mr. Metz informed his parents that he had been married last Friday at Wilmington, Del., to Miss Mame McCunney, a resident of that city.

### Council Proceedings.

Adjourned meeting Borough Council, Emporium, December 13, 1909

Present: Messrs Foster, Mumford, Howard, Green, Goodnough, Cummings, Pearsall, Spencer and Rishell.

Absent: None.

Moved by Mr. Green, seconded by Mr. Foster, that bills as follows be paid: J. F. Dickey, $9.52; W. F. McDevit, $4.41 and Francis Getchel, $1 50. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Howard, seconded by Mr. Mumford, that proposal of H. H. Mullin regarding electric lighting be laid over. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Foster, seconded by Mr. Cummings, that license for moving picture shows shall be $50.00 per year and when vaudeville shows are given then 50 cents in addition to regular license shall be charged during the year 1910. Carried.

On motion Council then adjourned.

R. C. MOORE, Sec'y.

### Baptist Church.

10:30 a. m., Dr. Veshanoff, of Macedonia, will relate the story of his conversion. He will be dressed in his native costume.

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:30 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. Leader, Mr. A. V. Orton.

7:30 p. m., sermon, "A New Vision for the Church."

Our Sunday School attendance was 91 last week. C. E., attendance 53. The contest between Reds and Blues is constantly increasing in interest. The Blues are slightly in the lead.

At the evening service the pastor will discuss the attitude which the church should take toward the men and boys of Emporium who are not in the church.

JOHN L. BOGUE, Pastor.

### For Sale.

A farm on Plank Road Hollow, consisting of 209 acres, 60 of which are cleared and under cultivation. Team, stock and all farm impliments necessary for running the same. Apply to E. A. Hughes, grocery store, on Chestnut street, Emporium, Pa. 42-tf.

### Clearance Sale.

Owing to contemplated changes, I have decided to sacrifice my entire stock of Harness Goods, at and below cost. This will be the opportunity of a life time to purchase anything in the harness goods line.

HENRY JAEGER,
42-3t. Harness Maker.

### Quarterly Meeting.

Religious services will be held in the Swesey School House, Rich Valley, Dec. 18 and 19, as follows: Saturday afternoon and evening and Sunday morning and evening. Rev. H. J. Bullock, of Cattaraugus, N. Y., will have charge. The public is cordially invited to attend.

WM. N. OSGOOD,
Pastor of W. M. Church.

### The Bread That Nourishes.

And that has that delicious flavor is the bread that is made from the **Pet Grove Flour.** You get the best nutriment from the choicest wheat that is raised and makes your bread really the staff of life when it is made from **Pet Grove Flour.** From your grocer's.

### Box Social.

There will be a box social at the Bryan Hill school house, Saturday evening, Dec. 18. Proceeds for benefit of church. All are cordially invited.

### Presbyterian Church.

Services will be conducted in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday, December 19th, both morning and evening.

### Lost.

A chain and cross, on Fourth street, on Tuesday evening. Cross marked Viola. Please return to PRESS office.

Price our Xmas baskets and be convinced they are selling at one-half price. MEISEL'S.

Basket Ball next Wednesday evening with Ridgway team.

### Killed at Huntley.

A Russian, whose name is unknown, was struck and instantly killed on Tuesday morning, just east of Hy tower, near Huntley. The deceased had a companion and both were warned by the night trackwalker of the approach of the train, but being dazed by a fall through a small bridge, just a short time before the acci dent, and was not aware of the danger. The victim was thrown at least sixty feet and although he was not cut any, yet almost every bone in his body was broken, the flyer running at a fearful speed. Justice of Peace, Mr. B. Nefcy, of Driftwood, held an inquest and on Tuesday afternoon poor master, C. J. Miller of Gibson township, took charge of the remains and interred them in the cemetry at Huntley. The companion of the dead man was taken to Renovo by a railroad detective, where an interpreter could be secured, hoping to find out something relative to the man's family. He was about five feet, six inches in height and weighed about 190 pounds.

### A Great Success.

Last Tuesday evening was Masonic night in Emporium, there being a very large attendance was noticed, many visitors being here. After installation of officers by District Deputy, Joseph Kaye, the "frats" enjoyed an elaborate banquet, prepared and served by the ladies of the Emmanuel Episcopal church. Sixty-four mighty eaters enjoyed the feast of good things. Numerous addresses were delivered. It was a royal good time and was ably presided over by the retiring Master, Mr. C. J. Goodnough.

### Arm Broken.

M. P. Whiting, of Euclid Avenue, met with a painful accident, about five o'clock, Saturday afternoon He was on his way from his home down town on an errand. The sidewalk was covered with ice and he slipped and fell. He threw out his right hand to save himself and it came in contact with the edge of the stone step. The arm was fractured.—Ridgway Dem.

### A Musical Treat.

A sacred contata given at the Methodist Episcopal Church, last Sunday evening, was one of the finest musical treats given at Emporium for some time. A select choir, under the direction of Miss Grace Walker, rendered the music. The large church was crowded and the congregation are loud in praise of the Cantata The solos were all rendered in a very pleasing manner and each soloist deserves much credit. The soloist were Mrs. E. D. Armstrong, Miss Grace Lloyd, Miss Grace Walker, Mr. Geo. A. Walker, Prof. R. H. Edgar and Mr. H. A. Cox. The choruses were very inspiring and showed much hard work and careful training The double quartette deserves special mention, and the parts were well executed by Miss Lloyd, Miss Crandell, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Kackenmeister, Messrs. C. S. Larrabee, Geo. Metzger, Jr., R. H. Edgar, and H. A. Cox. The choir of the church, with the assistance of several other vocalists have been in training for some time and the rendition on Sunday evening was a crowning glory of success.

### Old Friends Visit Emporium.

Mrs. Nellie (More) Board, of Port Deposit, Md., and her brother Mr. Albert D. Moore and daughter, Miss Mabel, of Kingman, Kansas, arrived in Emporium on Saturday to visit their brother, Richard C. More and wife over Sunday and Monday. They met many old time acquaintances and enjoyed themselves talking over "days of long ago." Tuesday morning they went to Buffalo to visit their sister, Mrs. Maud Rooney, going from there to Pittsburg to spend a few days with another sister, Mrs. E. T. Cummings.

Before leaving for Buffalo, they visited "Fair View Farm" now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Leadbetter and now owned by Hon. Josiah Howard. They were pleasantly received and looked over their old home, where they passed so many pleasant days, when the farm was owned by their father, the late Hon. L. T. More. They ate and took home with them some of the apples grown on trees planted when they were girls and boys.

Mr. More (son of the late Hon. L. T. More) left here forty-two years ago and located at Lincoln, Neb., this being his second visit to Emporium in all these years. The PRESS enjoyed a social visit, on Saturday evening, from the two first named.

### Basket Ball.

The fastest and best game of basket ball ever played in Emporium, was witnessed at the opera house, last Tuesday evening. The toss-up was made between St. Marys and Emporium and resulted in a victory for the home team, with a score of 22 to 20.

### W. C. T. U. Notice.

The W. C. T. U., of this place, will meet Saturday, Dec. 18th, at the home of Mrs. Remarge, on Sixth street, at 7:30 o'clock.

GRACE F. HEIDECK, Sec'y.

### Box Social.

Class No. 10, M. E. Sunday School will have book, text and candy sale in Board of Trade Rooms, over Public Library, instead of in rooms over Tulis' store, on Saturday afternoon and evening. Box social in evening. Ladies are requested to pack a lunch for two.

### Good Piano for Sale.

A Bradbury Piano (square) in good condition.

Apply at PRESS office. 37-tf.


## They Injure Children

**Ordinary Cathartics and Pills and Harsh Physic Cause Distressing Complaints.**

You cannot be over-careful in the selection of medicine for children. Only the very gentlest bowel medicine should ever be given, except in emergency cases. Ordinary pills, cathartics and purgatives are apt to do more harm than good. They cause griping, nausea and other distressing after-effects that are frequently health destroying and a life-lasting annoyance.

We personally recommend and guarantee Rexall Orderlies as the safest and most dependable remedy for constipation and associate bowel disorders. We have such absolute faith in the virtues of this remedy that we sell it on our guarantee of money back in every instance where it fails to give entire satisfaction, and we urge all in need of such medicine to try it at our risk.

Rexall Orderlies contain an entirely new ingredient which is odorless, tasteless and colorless. As an active agent, it embraces the valuable qualities of the best known intestinal regulator tonics

Rexall Orderlies are eaten like candy. They are particulary prompt and agreeable in action, may be taken at any time, day or night; do not cause diarrhoea, nausea, griping, excessive looseness or other undesirable effects. They have a very natural action upon the glands and organs with which they come in contact, act as a positive and regulative tonic upon the relaxed muscular coat of the bowel and its dry mucuous lining, remove irritation, overcome weakness, tone and strengthen the nerves and muscles, and restore the bowels and associate organs to more vigorous and healthy activity.

Rexall Orderlies completely relieve constipation, except when of a surgical character. They also tend to overcome the necessity of constantly taking laxatives to keep the bowels in normal condition.

There is really no medicine for this purpose so good as Rexall Orderlies, especially for children, aged and delicate persons. They are prepared in tablet form, in two sizes of packages; 12 tablets 10 cents, and 36 tablets 25 cents. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies in Emporium only at our store.—The Rexall Store. The Empurium Drug Co.


### Emmanuel Church Services.

December 19, Fourth Sunday in Advent:

8:00 a. m., Holy Communion.

10:30 a. m., Morning Prayer. Sermon: The Missionary Movement,

12:00 m., Sunday School Lesson: The Parable of the Ten Virgins.

7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer. Sermon: Christ's Example of Prayer. Offerings for General Missions.

Friday, Dec. 17, 7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer. Address on Sunday School Lesson.

The Sunday School Christmas Festival will be held in the church on Christmas Eve at 7:15 o'clock. Immediately following will be the lighting of the tree and distribution of gifts in the Parish House

Christmas Day, 10 a m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.

J. M. ROBERTSON, Rector.

### Sprained Wrist.

Dr. H. W. Mitchell had the misfortune to fall on the sidewalk on Fifth street, last Sunday evening, spraining his right wrist, which will hinder the Doctor in his work for some time.

### Burglary.

Late last Friday night, a man by the name of Archibald Carter, entered the wholesale liquor store of A. A. McDonald, Broad street, stealing a large number of bottled goods. He was arrested and commited to jail by Esquire Larrabee, to await the action of court, next month.

### Pure Food Law.

"Who makes the candy you eat, or don't you care." We have made it good for twenty-five years and adhere strictly to the pure food law.

THE SUGAR BOWL.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groin, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by all druggists.

Cedar Shingles $4.50 per thousand at C. B. Howard & Co's.

### Flats for Rent.

Flats in Odd Fellows block for rent. Apply to Geo. A. Walker. 39-tf.


## 24 PAGES

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Fair.

SATURDAY, Snow.

SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS

**First National Bank,**

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business, Dec. 16, 1909.,

$862,067.27.

WHAT BILL CAN DO.

It will surprise you what a one dollar bill can do for your boy if placed to his credit in the the Savings Account of this Bank.

It will be an incentive for saving.

He will take pride in adding to it until he is able to establish himself in business or go to college.

$1.00 Starts an Account.

3% INTEREST PAID ON SAVING BOOK % ACCOUNTS AND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store
Emporium, Pa. 12y

E. O. BARDWELL, M. D.,
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.
Hours: 8:00 a. m., 1:00 to 3:00 and 7:00 to 8 p. m


## POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

*All Announcements under this head must be signed by the candidate and paid in advance to insure publication.*

### FOR CONGRESS.

*Editor Press:—*

We are authorized to announce the name of HON. CHARLES F. BARCLAY, of Cameron county, as a candidate for Congress, upon the Republican ticket, in the 21st Congressional District, subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the Primary Election, to be held in June of 1910.

*Editor Press:—*

You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, for the 21st Congressional District, composed of the counties of Clearfield, McKean, Centre and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party.—Primary Election, June 4th, 1910.

Yours truly,
CHAS. E. PATTEN.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.,
November 30th, 1909.—t. p.


## DOWNWARD COURSE

**Fast Being Realized by Emporium People.**

A little bachache at first.

Daily increasing till the back is lame and weak.

Urinary disorders quickly follow;

Diabetes and finally Bright's disease.

This is the downward course of kidney ills.

Don't take this course. Follow the advice of an Emporium citizen.

Mrs. August Extrum, Sixth St., Emporium, Pa., says: "I do not hestitate to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills and I have done so on many occasions. For a long time I was in a miserable condition, suffering from bachache and sharp pains in my kidneys. I was restless at night, at times my feet became swollen and I was also subject to headaches and dizzy spells. I was unable to obtain relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills from Geo. C. Taggart's drug store. When I had finished the contents of the first box there was a great improvement and after I had used three or four boxes the backache had completely disappeared. I was no longer troubled with headaches or dizzy spells and my general health was much improved."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.


### The Finest Things for Xmas.

One dozen new photographs made on the new style mounts at Bair's studio. Twelve Xmas presents from one dozen photographs. Can you beat this. 43-2.

### ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

*Emporium, Pa., Dec. 3, 1909.*

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 11, 1910, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

43-4t. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

### Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } SS:
COUNTY OF CAMERON, }

NOTICE is hereby given that V. A. Brooks, Administrator of the estate of Evangeline Brooks, late of Grove Township, deceased, has filed his first and final account of said administration and the same will be presented at the January term of court, next, for confirmation *ni si.*

W. J. LEAVITT, Register.

Register's Office,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 15th, 1909.—44-tc.

# CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

**Published Every Thursday.**

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year, over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.


## "AN OLD-FASHIONED WINTER."

Those who believe that nature gives various warnings in the fall when the winter is going to be severe, are predicting a strenuous season for snow and ice and low temperature. They say that the wild birds which stay in the north during the winter have unusually thick plumage. The shells of nuts are reported to be heavier than they are when a mild winter is coming, and chestnut burrs are also of the "old-fashioned winter" kind, if these weather prophets are correct. Fur-bearing animals are more warmly clad, according to the same wiseacres, than they are before "open" winters, and the bones of geese make the same prophecy. It is all very interesting, but men who make the study of the weather their life work and bring to bear upon it all of the learning and scientific resources of the age, utterly reject these much trusted warnings. They are certain that there is nothing in the whole theory of animal preparations, conscious or unconscious, for differences in winters. They do not believe that the trees grow more bark or put thicker burrs on nuts because the winter is going to be severe. In fact, the scientific experts who deal with the climate seriously and with infinite pains, in all civilized countries, year after year, are sure that there is no nature sign language which tells the character of the weather months in advance.

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The gold output of the world continues to increase. The statement for the year 1908 will soon be forthcoming, and it is believed it will show a considerable gain over 1907, which reported a production of $410,555,300, an increase of $3,000,000 over the largest output known to that date. There has been enormous development in South Africa, and several other regions have shown gains in gold production. These gains will much more than offset any declines, and the total will in all probability be more than the record breaker of 1907. And the increase must help materially in promoting monetary ease.

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The postmaster of Washington has conducted an investigation into the character of the correspondence carried on by means of the general delivery window at his office, and has discovered that of 1,064 letters called for by women in two days 111 bore fictitious names. In eight instances clandestine correspondence was managed in this way by girls under sixteen years of age. The limiting of the use of the general delivery window by any one person to 30 days is now proposed, with a view of furthering the interests of morality.

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Spelling matches used to be a popular form of entertainment in rural schools, and it was helpful, too, for it made for proficiency in spelling. Boys and girls then learned to spell with their minds instead of spelling always with their eyes from the printed page. There are now many men and women who can write with ease some of the most difficult words in the English language, but without pen or pencil they could not spell some of the simplest words of the language.

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If it comes down to a choice between rats and higher education it is not at all improbable that the high school girl will choose the rat. Anyhow, education ought to be more concerned with what goes under the fair pupil's hair than in it.

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Since we are now approaching the shank of the year those who may not have accomplished all the excellent things they resolved upon in January should take advantage of the present lovely weather.

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See that the name "Metchnikoff" is blown in the buttermilk bottle. That eminent cultivator of benevolent bacilli says that his imitators cannot guarantee longevity with every drink.

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A careless autoist who killed a pedestrian has been sent to jail in Connecticut for one year. He'll have time to form other habits before he takes to running a motor car again.

## THE VANISHING LINE.

# TRIUMPH FOR LAW

## FAR-REACHING EFFECTS OF STANDARD OIL DECISION.

### Will Prove to the People That the Republican Party Is Their Friend Against Trusts That Oppress Them.

The decision of the United States circuit court of the Eighth federal circuit that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a combination in restraint of trade and must be dissolved will, if sustained by the supreme court, have a far-reaching effect on the operating methods employed by great industrial and commercial combinations. When told of the decision Attorney General Wickersham said that it was "one of the most important ever rendered in this country." Certainly if the framework of corporations within corporations, all responsive to one central direction, yet each by virtue of its nominal individuality relieving that central authority of direct and confessed responsibility, which legal talent has built up for the Standard Oil interests is based on a misinterpretation of the law against combinations in restraint of trade, then the conceptions which a large part of the business world has entertained of what constitutes illegal interference with competition must be abandoned or materially altered. The Standard Oil Company has been the pioneer in constructing devices to control trade without being technically chargeable with sufficient control to constitute a monopoly. If its lawyers have failed to make the construction statute proof, it is not likely that the imitators of the Standard Oil people have been any more successful in hedging themselves about with legal immunity.

When the Standard Oil Company was fined $29,000,000 for collecting rebates the issue was one of facts. The fine was held to be excessive and unwarranted by the higher courts because the liability for accepting rebates was not sufficiently established. That proceeding sought to punish only a specific offense charged against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and indirectly against the parent New New Jersey company. But the suit just decided in the Eighth circuit attacks the vital principles of organization applied in the creation of the parent company and the legality of the methods by which it has tried to partition responsibility while concentrating power. The circuit court holds that the entire method of operation is vicious and contrary to law, and that the wheels-within-wheels system must be simplified until it no longer exercises a stifling effect on competition. The full text of the decision will be needed to show how far the simplification must be carried. Yet the abstract issued indicates that much of the present machinery must be cast away.

The supreme court took advanced ground against holding companies in the Northern Securities decision. If it decides again that a holding company like the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is in itself a menace to the freedom of competition there will have to be a new departure in the conduct of many vast enterprises engaged in interstate or foreign commerce. That prospect gives the unanimous action of the four circuit judges of the Eighth circuit an unusual economical and political significance.

### Congress Must Aid President.

There is no reason why a congressional investigation of the sugar trust and the customs service need interfere with the criminal prosecution of persons charged with crime. The insurance prosecutions were not balked by anything the committee did, and a congressional inquiry could reach evils that are beyond the courts and the department of justice. But the president needs the help of congress. He needs an agency that will not be hampered by the statute of limitations or the rigid rules of criminal procedure, and that will not be restricted to testimony that concerns the guilt or innocence of a particular individual on trial for the specific offense.

It is not enough to punish the guilty. The system must be smashed. Government itself must be purged. There must be a new order of things in the customs service. Only a committee of congress can give to Mr. Taft the assistance that he will require in this great work of reform.—N. Y. World.

# PROPOSITION IS A GOOD ONE

### Creation of Commerce Court to Deal with Railroad Regulation Would Be of Much Avail.

Attorney General Wickersham's speech at Kansas City outlines the railway regulative legistion proposed by the administration for the consideration of the next session. Much of this has already been set forth by President Taft in his recent speeches. Some of it is new. As a whole it will bring little comfort to that class which is devoted to the slogan of "Let the railroads alone!"

The leading proposition is for the creation of a commerce court having the powers and jurisdiction now held by all district and circuit courts with regard to the review or enforcement of orders of the inter-state commerce commission. This would materially simplify the proceedings for remedy through the commission. At present the complaint for that body must first go through the commission. Then appeals or stays are likely to be fought through district and circuit courts up to the supreme court. Moreover, it has frequently been the case that the law has been construed one way in one circuit and the opposite way in another, thus producing the anomaly of having practically two different laws in different sections of the same country. Under this proposition a single court would hear all appeals from the commission, issue decrees of enforcement of its orders, and from court's rulings appeals to the United States supreme court would lie only on constitutional questions. The value of this change is unquestionable.

### The Conservation Question.

Millionaires whose wealth is derived from the timber, mineral and power resources of the public domain, are conspicuous in our time. History shows that great wealth dissipates as easily as it gathers. The greatest evil in the amassing of private fortunes from national resources is government neglect of the welfare of the people as a mass, and too much devotion to policies of special privilege. Government lands, with their mines, forests, rivers, power possibilities and agricultural areas belong to the people. They are as much a trust with the government as is the cash in the national treasury. If the secretary of the treasury, on the application of the ablest business men of the nation, would hand over to the mall the gold and silver in the public treasury at the price of one dollar per pound, on the plea that these men could use the money to better advantage than most of the owners, what an explosion of public sentiment would take place! But the nation sits indifferent while other departments of government pass over the natural resources of the nation to a few exploiters for even a smaller fraction of their actual value. These officials defend their action by arguing that these are the men best fitted to develop the wealth in the public lands. This practice is as much a breach of trust as the looting of the treasury would be. —Detroit News.

### Law to Replace Sherman Act.

The decision against the Standard Oil Company gives pertinence to some remarks made by Attorney General Wickersham in a speech at Kansas City, probably in anticipation of it. No doubt, he said, the Sherman act is sufficiently comprehensive "to reach and destroy such monopolies" as have been created in the form of "holding companies," but "at the same time that the national government forges a weapon to destroy such abuses, it must provide a substitute for those legitimate enterprises which are equally dependent for thier existence upon the system so abused." Mr. Wickersham is plainly pointing toward a federal law providing for corporations to engage in interstate commerce, a proposition of very great importance and difficulty which cannot be satisfactorily discussed until we have reached a definite extent of congressional authority.

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The estate of the late Henry H. Rogers has paid New York $342,000 as part of the sum due under the inheritance tax law of that commonwealth. It is about the least burdensome tax which can be imposed, with a reasonable exemption limit for small properties, and it yields a fine revenue, in old and wealthy states, with much more assured for the future.

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Senator Stone's latest speeches on the tariff question are an effort to prove that the Democratic party's historical attitude on free trade has been strictly Pickwickian.

# Pennsylvania Happenings

An agreement has been reached by the state and Ontario authorities relative to the gathering of fish eggs off the Canadian coast. This will be done by a mutual arrangement without interference.

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Deputy Attorney General Cunningham is at work upon the state's book in the appeal of the first capitol case in the supreme court and is preparing to argue it at Philadelphia in the week of January 10. The paper book of the appellants has been received and Mr. Cunningham at once took up the task of preparing for the argument. The Huston trial is to follow a week later.

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Deputies of the state factory inspection department are busy enforcing the new moving picture law, several places in various parts of the state having been closed up because they did not comply with the requirements of the safety act. The deputies are also attending strictly to the business of factory employment certificates and explaining the new law. Deputy Knisely reports very few violations in his district.

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The state forest reservation in Bedford county, near the Maryland line, has been swept by several disastrous fires recently. Great damage to young timber resulted. Nearly all the forests south of Martin Mountain, which is the closest to Cumberland, has been burned over. Two wardens with 30 men have been fighting the fire for some time. There are 14,000 acres in the reservation and more than one-half of it has been burned over. Hunters are accused of setting the woods on fire to drive out deer.

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Over 800 orchards have been offered to State Zoologist Surface for use for demonstrations, every county but one being now represented in the list. Dauphin has offered 12 and Cumberland about the same number. Robert C. Neal has offered his orchard at Kinkora, near Cove. Dr. Surface says that he will announce his list later in the year. At present he is busy on plans for the demonstration train, which will start west about December 31, and in ascertaining best methods of fighting the coddling, tunnel and midge moths, whose larvae is working havoc among apple orchards in the northwestern tier counties.

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The vast volume of business done by life insurance companies in Pennsylvania last year and the great increase over the business of the previous year are shown in the annual report of Insurance Commissioner David Martin. During the year the Pennsylvania companies issued 18,419 policies to residents of this state, insuring $47,365,230, an increase of 2,301 policies and $1,826,129 of insurance. In the same period companies of other states issued in Pennsylvania 699,364 policies, insuring $205,810,543.61. The aggregate of business, therefore, in Pennsylvania was 717,783 policies, valued at $253,175,773.61, an increase over the previous year of 54,663 policies and $38,605,197.04 of insurance. The benefits paid by all companies in Pennsylvania during 1908 aggregated $20,163,478.51, of which the home companies paid $2,278,038.49 and the companies of other states $17,885,440.02. Premium receipts by all companies in Pennsylvania aggregated $53,828,284.52, or $271,458.33 less than the previous year.

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The state law prohibiting foreigners from carrying firearms was in the recently. While Judge S. J. Telford of Indiana county was reversing a decision rendered under the law, Judge J. A. Evans of common pleas court No. 3 of Allegheny county was upholding the act. This law, which was signed May 9 last, is very different from that prohibiting the carrying of firearms. It only prohibits unnaturalized foreign-born residents from owning rifles or shotguns, and the object is "to give additional protection to wild birds and animals and game within the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Complaints have been made that such residents in various counties were particularly destructive of birds and game, in season and out, and the law simply seeks to take away the weapons with which they were doing it. Game wardens or other officers were empowered to confiscate all such weapons found on unnaturalized residents, or in their homes, sell them and turn the proceeds over to the state. A $25 fine also is provided. In both instances noted, the defendants had appealed on the grounds that the new law not only was in violation of the Fourteenth amendment of the constitution of the United States, but also was not in keeping with the provisions of the treaties entered into between the countries from which the defendants had come and the American government.

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The figures quoted by State Game Commissioner Kalbfus to show the extent of the game season this year have been corroborated by a number of hunters. The estimate of deer runs between 400 and 500. Few does were shot.

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Strong commendation of the work done by state police in keeping down game poachers is heard from various parts of the state. The police have also been checking rowdies in industrial regions where trolley cars are often assailed.


The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.

If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community *there's a reason.* People go where they are attracted — where they *know* what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.



MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.



**The Home Paper** Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.



C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUT
CONFECTIONERY
Daily Delivery.
All orders given prompt and skillful attention.



# Enlarging Your Business

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.



**JOB PRINTING** We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

# SUMMARY OF A WEEK'S EVENTS

Latest News of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Man.

### PERSONAL.

William H. Robertson, American consul at Tangier, Morocco, who is in New York on a vacation, advocates the abolition of his office as unnecessary.

The two children of the late Mary Crocker Burton Harrison, first wife of Congressman Burton Harrison, will inherit nearly $2,000,000 each from the estate left by their mother, who was a daughter of the late Charles F. Crocker of San Francisco.

A. J. Hoskins, a farmer of Upper Alton, Ill., has sold to the United States for $300,000 his patent rights to a range finder.

Sherburn M. Becker, widely known throughout the country as "the boy mayor" of Milwaukee, has purchased a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for $96,000, and in a short time will make his home in New York.

Andrew Carnegie has awarded a $5,000 annual scholarship to Dennis Chabot, a boy pianist of Pittsburg, Pa., who will study in Europe.

Judge William H. Holt of Louisville, is said to be the choice of President Taft for minister to Switzerland.

E. L. Poole of Havana, Cuba, has bought of the Philippine government the San Jose Friar estate of 55,000 acres in the island of Mindoro, to be used as a sugar plantation. The purchase price was $367,000. It is understood the buyer represented the Havemeyers.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Seven sailors are known to have perished, 13 others are adrift on Lake Erie or frozen to death or drowned, two vessels, the steamer Clarion and the steamer W. C. Richardson, have been lost as a result of the storm which has raged over the lakes. The Clarion burned to the water's edge in Lake Erie, off Southeast Shoal, Point Pelee, Ontario, and the steamer W. C. Richardson went to the rocks five miles west of Buffalo.

Official returns from 128 of the 206 precincts in Los Angeles, Cal., cut down the lead of Mayor Alexander over George Smith, the Republican candidate, from 1,800 to 52. The result is now in doubt.

Mrs. Susan Stewart, wife of Paymaster General Stewart, U. S. N., retired, of South Orange, N. J., died in Washington at the home of Rear Admiral Andrew Dunlap, where she was visiting. She will be buried in the National cemetery at Arlington.

Open-air schools for children in the tenement districts are recommended in the annual report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which is making a crusade against tuberculosis.

Teachers in St. Mark's public school in West Orange, N. J., got a new piano by selling roasted peanuts, after the school board refused to provide the instrument.

To improve the personnel and efficiency of the diplomatic service and to encourage secretaries of legations to qualify for promotion to the rank of ministers, President Taft has approved a plan suggested by Secretary Knox and published it as an executive order.

L. E. Shephard, senior vice-president of the Order of Railway Conductors, who has been in St. Paul, Minn., for a few days, issued an order to all conductors that they must observe strict neutrality and that they should "act as they did before the switchmen's strike, no more, no less."

Attorney General William H. Stead was ordered to appear before the Illinois supreme court and file a brief and argument in the case of Booth versus The County Clerk of Sangamon County, the question at issue in which is the constitutionality of the amendment to what is known as the "Juul" law, passed by the general assembly at its last session.

The annual meetings of Oklahoma Live Stock Breeders' associations opened in Enid, together with an extensive stock show and auction sales of hundreds of blooded horses, cattle and hogs.

President Taft was re-elected president of the American National Red Cross.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh issued a detailed explanation of the workings of the new income tax, with instructions for the guidance of all kinds of corporations.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Ayres Goodsell, resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church of New York city, died following an operation for a carbuncle.

The jury in the case of H. Clay Pierce, the oil magnate, charged with false swearing, returned a verdict at Austin, Tex., of not guilty.

Salvator Demma, a Syrian, is under arrest at Columbus, Ohio, in connection with the Black Hand cases. He is charged with misusing the mails to send blackmail matter and will be tried in Toledo with the fifteen others who have been arrested during the last few months.

Mark Hanna, a Russian who took an American name and sought a license to wed at Newport, Ky., had to wait two days because he forgot the name of the prospective bride. Her name was Fannie Dozorthzov.

Federal and local authorities at Leechburg, Pa., are seeking alleged Black Hand members who have threatened the life of ex-Congressman Beale.

Inquiry by the coroner's jury into the causes of the St. Paul mine disaster at Cherry, Ill., came to an abrupt close without a verdict being reached or any steps being made to fix the responsibility for the attending loss of life. The jurors refused to consider the finding of a verdict until two missing witnesses were produced.

Adam Pietrzyk, aged 25 years, has confessed to the Milwaukee police that he murdered Hattie Zinda, 14 years old, on November 12 and implicated Karl Wojciechowski, who is also under arrest.

Thirty-five passengers on a street car were injured, none fatally, and few seriously, when the car was struck by an in-bound Pennsylvania passenger train at an Indianapolis street crossing and hurled 30 feet.

Given carbolic acid by her daughter by mistake for brandy, Mrs. William Tate of Toledo, O., ill with tuberculosis, died before medical aid could reach her.

George Preston Sheldon, deposed president of the Phenix Fire Insurance Company of Brooklyn, lying at death's door at his Greenwich (Conn.) home, was indicted for larceny in the first degree by the grand jury in New York for alleged misappropriation of funds of the company, of which he was the head for 22 years.

William Crandall, on trial for the killing of his wife at Battle Creek, Mich., last August, was found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury at Marshall, Mich. Crandall cut his wife's throat.

Ex-President Cardenas of Nicaragua, who was overthrown by Zelaya in 1891, has taken the field against his old enemy and is heading an expedition from Costa Rica into Nicaragua, according to advices received at New Orleans by the sympathizers of the revolutionary movement in the latter country.

The New York Times printed the remarkable narrative of two men, made under oath, declaring that they were employed by Dr Frederick A. Cook to fabricate astronomical and other observations for submission to the University of Copenhagen, which is about to pass upon Dr. Cook's assertion that he discovered the north pole on April 21, 1908. The men are George H. Dunkle, an insurance broker of New York, and Capt. August Wedel Loose, a sea captain of Brooklyn. For their labors they were to have received jointly from Dr. Cook $4,000. They say that Dr. Cook had paid them only $260 when he disappeared on the eve of the dispatch of his "records" to Copenhagen, and his failure to pay the sum remaining due them, they freely acknowledged to be their motive for coming forward with the story.

For the first time in the history of American banking, statements showing in detail the condition of practically every banking institution in the United States at a given hour have been obtained by the national monetary commission. Report was made at the close of business April 28, 1909. The total resources of all establishments reach $21,100,000,000; loans, $11,373,000,000; investments in bonds, etc., $4,614,000,000; due from banks, $2,562,000,000; cash on hand, including $809,000,000 in gold coin and certificates, $1,432,000,000; other resources, $1,094,000,000; capital, $1,800,000,000; surplus and profits, $1,835,000,000; due to banks, $2,484,000,0000; deposits, including government deposits, $14,106,000,000; other liabilities, $87,000,000.

A $2,500,000 hospital for the treatment of New York sufferers from tuberculosis will be completed during the coming year. The hospital will provide for more than 1,000 patients.

The firebrand of war has again been hurled against the 1907 Root peace compact with Central American governments and the Nicaragauan situation rendered more acute. The republic of Honduras has declared martial law in order to repel an invasion headed by the former president, Manuel Bonilla.

After refusing for 28 days to eat, saying he would wait till God ordered him to take food, William Tippin of Rome, Ga., broke his fast when he discovered that members of his family had placed whites of eggs in the water he drank.

Thirty-three American steel firms and individual agents for steel companies were found not guilty of collusive bidding for city steel contracts, in the superior court at Boston, after an 11 weeks' trial.

Six women fell to the floor fainting and exhausted during the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth hours of the marathon dance at Butte, Mont., and the mayor ordered the dance stopped.

Evangelization of the United States was discussed at a session of the executive committee of the federal council of the Churches of Christ in America now meeting in Louisville, Ky.

Many firemen were overcome by smoke, 300 hotel guests were driven, scantily clad, into the icy streets, and property valued at approximately $1,000,000 was destroyed by a fire at Kalamazoo, Mich., which was only extinguished after an all-night struggle by combined fire fighting forces of Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Grand Rapids.

L. A. De Armond, cousin of the late Congressman De Armond of Missouri, who was recently burned to death, was electrocuted in his store at San Bernardino, Cal., while attempting to turn on an electric light.

# THREE BOATS AND 52 LIVES ARE LOST

ONE OF THE MOST DISASTROUS STORMS IN THE HISTORY OF GREAT LAKES TRADE.

## STEEL CARFERRY WRECKED

Something Will be Done to Stop Sailing on the Lakes in December —Rescuing Tug Returns After Vain Search.

Cleveland, O.—Fifty-two lives were lost in the storm that swept Lake Erie, to say nothing of the loss of property that may reach $1,000,000. With the possible exception of the gale that wrecked a dozen modern steel vessels on Lake Superior in 1905, it was the most disastrous storm in the history of the lake trade.

Three big steamers were wrecked, and there was a big loss of life in every case. The big steel carferry steamer Marquette & Bessemer No. 2 has been added to the list of lost vessels with the loss of 32 lives. That, with the loss of life on the steamers W. C. Richardson and Clarion, makes a total of 52.

The Alva B., in command of Capt. John Ryan, who made a thorough search for the 13 missing members of the steamer Clarion, has returned to port without finding any trace of the lifeboat or the sailors. That all the men were lost is quite certain. If they had been picked up by a down-bound steamer it would have been reported, as all the ships that were out have been heard from.

Winter navigation has been very costly all around this year, but the lesson will probably do some good and will result in the saving of life and property in the future. That something will be done to stop sailing on the lakes in December is certain.

### THOSE DEAD OR MISSING.

From Carferry:
Capt. Robert R. McLeod.
First Mate John McLeod.
Second Mate F. Stone.
Purser R. C. Smith.
Wheelsman J. Clancy.
Wheelsman W. Wilson.
Watchman F. Annis.
Watchman F. Walker.
Chief Engineer E. Wood.
First Assistant Engineer E. Buehler.
Second Assistant Engineer T. Kennedy.
Seaman F. Barrett.
Seaman E. Harvey.
Seaman P. Hughes.
Seaman M. Sharp.
Seaman D. Ball.
Fireman J. Olson.
Fireman W. Wiggleworth.
Fireman J. Cook.
Fireman T. Steele.
Oiler J. Wirtz.
Oiler J. Hart.
Oiler A. Snyder.
Oiler Charles Allen.
Coal Passer R. Hine.
Coal Passer J. Hing.
Coal Passer C. Couptf.
Steward G. R. Smith.
Seconk Cook H. Thomas.
Waiter J. Swartz.
Porter G. Laurence, and one whose name has not been learned.

From Steamer Clarion:
Capt. Thomas Bell of Ogdensburg, N. Y.
First Mate James Thompson of Buffalo.
Second Mate Melville Bradshaw.
Seaman Thomas Howlett of Buffalo.
Wheelsman Thomas Olson.
Wheelsman David ———.
Oiler James McCauley.
Steward Harvey Lavis.
Porter Felix O'Hare.
Three, names unknown, left in life boat.

From Steamer Richardson:
Chief Engineer Samuel E. Mayberry.
Second Mate E. J. Cleary.
Fireman Henry Miller.
Fireman L. L. Klein.
Oiler Martin Miller.
Mrs. John Brantford, wife of steward.
Fireman Sydney Smith.
Seaman Edward Gramsey.

# TO STAMP OUT WHITE SLAVERY

Horrible Details of Discoveries Made by Agents of the Immigration Commission Are Told.

Washington, D. C.—Stories of revolting practices of American and foreign procurers of women for importation into the United States for immoral purposes are told in a report just issued by the immigration commission. The recommendations of the commission contemplate a closer scrutiny of the admission of alien women and renewed efforts to stamp out the so-called "white slave traffic." In explanation of the act of laying bare to the public horrible details of discoveries by its agents, the commission says that the white slave traffic is the most pitiful and the most revolting phase of the immigration question.

The inquiry covered the cities of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake, Ogden, Butte, Denver, Buffalo, Boston and New Orleans. The report deals with methods being used by men and women procurers to lure women into this country for immoral purposes. In some countries men and women in the business of enticing innocent girls to the United States resort to proffers of attractive positions, and in many cases the men offer themselves in marriage and frequently risk prosecution on charges of bigamy in order to attain their desires.

### Negro Kills Two White Women.

Savannah, Ga.—Sprawled hideously about the halls and rooms of their home in the heart of the residence section of Savannah, the mutilated bodies of Mrs. Eliza Gribble, 70, and of her daughter, Mrs. Carrie Oslander, were found by a patrolman who was attracted by the moans of a third woman, Mrs. Maggie Hunter, who is at the point of death in the Savannah hospital. Physicians state that Mrs. Oslander was the victim of a criminal assault before she was killed. The murderer was a negro.

# NEW RAILWAYS IN CENTRAL CANADA

AMERICAN SETTLERS WELCOME AND DOING WELL.

The Portland Oregonian, of Portland, Oregon, published a cartoon on the immigration of U. S. people to Canada, in its issue of October 5, 1909. The picture was accompanied by the following article:

"Losing American Citizens. The exodus of American farmers to Canada continues to be a phenomenon of the first importance. More of them are crossing the border this fall than ever before, and they are flocking from all parts of the country. Formerly it was the Middle West alone which thus lost the heart of its citizenship. Now all sections of the Union suffer alike. The regret which we cannot help feeling over the migration of many thousands of excellent citizens has an economic side which causes some concern. The 70,000 farmers who will go to Canada to live this fall will take with them some $70,000,000 in cash and effects. This is by no means a negligible sum, and makes a very appreciable drain on our resources. But, of course, the most serious loss is the men themselves and their families, who have forsaken the land of the free and the home of the brave to dwell under the rule of a monarch.

Why do they go? Naturally the cheap and fertile land of Western Canada attracts them. Each emigrant goes with a reasonable expectation of bettering his fortune. Indeed, in a few years he may grow rich through the abundant crops he can raise and the increase of land values. But perhaps that is not the sole reason for the astonishing migration. There is a common notion abroad that in Canada life and property are appreciably safer than they are here. Murders are not so frequent, and are more speedily and surely punished. Mobs and the so-called 'unwritten law' are virtually unknown in Canada. Again the law is a vastly more ascertainable entity there. Canada does not permit its judges to veto acts of the legislative body. When a statute has been enacted it is known to be the law of the land until it is repealed. this naturally imparts to Canadian civilization a security and stability which we have not yet attained.

"We must remember, in the same connection, that the Canadian protective tariff is far less exorbitant than ours, and much less boldly arranged for the benefit of special favorites. Hence there is an impression, very widely diffused, that the Canadians are not so wickedly robbed by the trusts as we are in this country. Reasons like these sufficiently account for the exodus of a body of citizens, whom we can ill afford to lose, but they do not much assuage our regret that they cannot be retained in the United States."

Speaking of this, a Canadian Government representative says that the Americans who cross the border are most welcome. The splendid areas of virgin soil, a large quantity of which is given away as free homesteads, lie close to existing railways and to those under construction. The railway lines that are assisting in this development are the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. The latter is built entirely on Canadian soil, and has opened up a wonderful stretch of land. Along this line during the year about closed thousands of American settlers have made their homes. They have built the towns, and immediately began as factors in the building up of the great Canadian West.

Agents of the Government are located in various cities throughout the United States who will be pleased to give any information that may be desired to further the interest of the settler.

# HE HAD HIS TROUBLES, TOO

Physical Infirmity Alone Prevented Man Joining His Companions in Misfortune.

It was married men's night at the revival meeting.

"Let all you husbands who have troubles on your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasm.

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher peering out at this lone sitter, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly, as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up; I'm paralyzed!"

### A Revelation to the Cook.

A happily married woman, who had enjoyed 33 years of wedlock, and who was the grandmother of four beautiful little children, had an amusing old colored woman for a cook.

One day when a box of especially beautiful flowers was left for the mistress the cook happened to be present, and she said: "Yo' husband send you all the pretty flowers you gits, missy?"

"Certainly, my husband, mammy," proudly answered the lady.

"Glory!" exclaimed the cook, "he suttenly am holdin' out well."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Unburdening.

"You must at least give that candidate credit for speaking his mind."

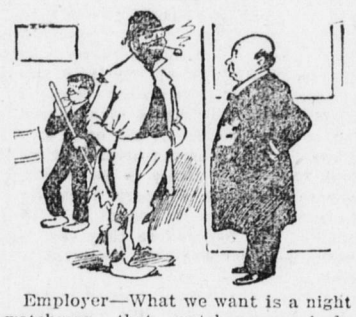
"Yes," replied Miiss Cayenne. "But it's unfortunate that people most willing to speak their minds are so often those whose mentalities are more or less unpleasant."


## FOR OLD PEOPLE.

After reaching the age of forty the human system gradually declines. The accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatic pains in the joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which shows wonderful results even after the first few doses and it will eventually restore physical strength.

"One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint of high grade whiskey. This to be mixed and used in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bedtime. The bottle to be well shaken each time." Any druggist has these ingredients or can get them from his wholesale house.


### JUST SUIT HER.



Employer—What we want is a night watchman that watches—somebody who can sleep with one eye open and both ears, and who is not afraid to tackle anything. See?

Applicant—I see, boss; I'll send me wife 'round.


## SKIN ROUGH AS BARK.

Baby Boy Had Intense Itching Humor —Scratched Till Blood Ran.

Found a Cure in Cuticura.

"Our son, two years old, was afflicted with a rash. After he suffered with the trouble several weeks I took him to the doctor but it got worse. The rash ran together and made large blisters. The little fellow didn't want to do anything but scratch and we had to wrap his hands up to keep him from tearing the flesh open till the blood would run. The itching was intense. The skin on his back became hard and rough like the bark of a tree. He suffered intensely for about three months. But I found a remedy in Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. The result was almost magical. That was more than two years ago and there has not been the slightest symptom of it since he was cured. J. W. Lauck, Yukon, Okla., Aug. 28 and Sept. 17, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.


### Astonished the Company.

A famous dean was once at dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"For this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

### Sentiments for Husbands.

"When a man really loves his wife he ought to combine all his nicest sentiments toward other women into one big sentiment for her.

"He should show her the respect he feels toward his mother; the politeness he shows other women, and the responsibility he feels toward his sister.

"To all of that he should add the great love he should feel for a wife."


### Fine Tonic Mixture.

A superior tonic, appetizer and stimulant for the exhausted overworked system is one-half pint good whiskey to which should be added one ounce compound fluid balmwort and one ounce compound syrup sarsaparilla. As an appetizer take a tablespoonful before meals. As a tonic take after meals and at bedtime.

Any druggist can mix it quickly.

### Good for the Nerves.

At a recent archery tournament in London 300 women took part in the contest, the game having become very popular. It is recommended by London physicians as splendid for the nerves. American women have never taken very kindly to the sport, but the renewal of interest abroad may effect a change in this country.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary.—Milton.


One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.


The main igredients of true manliness are a forgetfulness of self and a constant regard for duty.—Butler.


HAVE YOU A COUGH, OR COLD? If so take at once Allen's Lung Balsam and watch results. Simple, safe, effective. All dealers. Popular prices—25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.


Don't believe everything you hear over a telephone wire.


Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.


It is usually costly to follow cheap advice.


## DEEP-SEATED COUGH

CURED IN FIVE HOURS.
New Home-Made Syrup.
(Cut this Out.)
From Boston Post.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold on the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the clock. Opium or morphine have been resorted to in the past, as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. Give children less according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.


### An Ever Ready Opening.

The editor suddenly became conscious that some one was standing behind him. Looking round, his glance fell upon a seedy looking individual with the eyes of a crank.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, "but is there an openin' here for a first-class intellectual writer?"

"Yes," grimly responded the editor. "An ingenious carpenter, foreseeing your visit, has provided an excellent opening. Turn the knob to the right, and do not slam the door as you go out."—The Sunday Magazine.

### There All the Time.

It is told of Dr. Thorold that he was once asked to give away the prizes at a school belonging to the London school board.

In the course of his opening address he gravely asked the children, "Which was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?"

When the youngsters gave it up, he said in the same grave way, which made them laugh all the more, "Why, Australia, of course; it was there all the time!"


### One Dye for All Goods.

Up to quite recently, wool, silk and cotton each required a separate dye. An enterprising chemist has now perfected Dyola Dyes which color all goods with one dye, producing same results. Ask your dealer. If he has not stocked them yet, send 10 cents to Dy-o-la, Burlington, Vt., stating color desired and we will send same with color card and book of directions.


### All the Same to Her.

"I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner."

"No matter," she replied, cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."

### Sufficient Evidence.

"Father was evidently drinking again last night."

"What makes you think that?"

"He sassed the janitor when he came in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.


### This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 30,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.


### Was a Father, Too.

"Say, Mr. Editor, I'm the father of twins."

"All right; we'll put it in the paper under the head of 'Double Tragedy.'"


### Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action is remarkable. It Removes the cause and the disease quickly disappears. First dose greatly benefits. 75c Druggists.

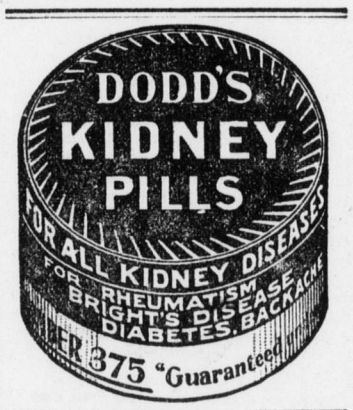

As an eye-opener, what's the matter with an alarm clock.


EXPOSURE TO COLD and wet is the first step to Pneumonia. Take Perry Davis' Painkiller and the danger is averted. Unequaled for colds, sore throat, quinsy. 25c, 35c and 50c.


In a man's life the greatest necessity is more money.


Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.


A giggling girl is apt to become a cackling woman.


Baby Smiles— When He Takes PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

So pleasant that he likes it—and contains no opiates. There is nothing like it for Bronchitis, Asthma and all troubles of the throat and lungs. A Standard Remedy for half a century.

All Druggists, 25 Cents

## TO FIND FAULT.

**People Are Sometimes Paid For That Express Purpose.**

You have no idea how many things are wrong in a big business until you are paid to look for them, writes Gelett Burgess in Collier's. There were the clocks, for one thing, when I first began. The girls wore too many rats in their hair, there was grease on the elevator doors, expensive hats were dumped one on another, the ventilation was bad, the boxes on the shelves showed from the street through the show windows and about a thousand other things. Then Spindelheim sold teapots just like our eighteen cent ones for 14 cents, and for a concern like Smith & Co. to be undersold is fatal. There's really nothing that so enrages Mr. Smith; also Rubinstein's window dresser has beaten ours, too, at times. Down it goes in my little report. Wouldn't any woman love my job.

Yes, it's fun to be paid for being a misanthrope, but it's hard work too. At 9 o'clock I begin my promenade through the store—downstairs, upstairs, basement, attic and annex. If a girl at the counter has dirty finger nails or too wide a pompadour to suit me I stop and talk pleasantly, buy 9 cents' worth of edging and so get her number from the sales slip. She never knows anything about it till her superintendent gives her a scolding the next day. I have eyes like a hawk and a nose like a hound and ears like a small boy under the sofa when a young man's calling on big sister. In ten minutes I have spotted the dust in the corner of the aisle, a girl who wears brass bracelets, a porter who is not attending to his duty, a badly arranged counter, an error in spelling on a placard, two store detectives loafing on their job and a hideous combination of colors in the front window. I go to the ladies' room and make a note of these things surreptitiously. I don't dare go there too often, though, for fear I'll be identified, so sometimes I run back to my office, two blocks away. So it goes till about 4 o'clock, hither and thither, nigh and yon, looking for trouble. It doesn't do a clerk any good to be uncivil to me, I can tell you, or to make me wait too long for my change, but I try to be fair, and if I find a particularly willing and considerate sales person down that name goes in my report too. You might suppose that there'd be good graft in that; but, of course, I keep my position only so long as the head of the firm has absolute confidence in my integrity. The funny part of it is that the more I complain the better he likes it. I'm like the opposition party in congress. I'm never satisfied. When I am I'll have to look for another position.

At 4 o'clock I go back to my little office and dictate my report from my notes to a stenographer, and when it's typewritten I send it to the head of the firm.

### When "Pluck" Was Slang.

The word "pluck" affords an instance of the way in which slang words in the course of time become adopted into current English. We now meet with "pluck" and "plucky" as the recognized equivalents of "courage" and "courageous." An entry in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" shows that in 1827 the word had not yet lost its low character. He says (volume 2, page 30), "Want of that article blackguardly called pluck." Its origin is obvious. From early times the heart has been popularly regarded as the seat of courage. Now, when a butcher lays open a carcass he divides the great vessels of the heart, cuts through the windpipe and then plucks out together the united heart and lungs—lights, he calls them—and he terms the united mass "the pluck."—London Notes and Queries.

### Henry Ward Beecher's Wit.

On one occasion as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said. "My watch is only at 10. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animals" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

### French Convicts.

Convicts who are sent to the French penal colony in French Guiana are punished in exactly inverse ratio to their crimes. The murderers and the most dangerous convicts are sent to the island of Salvation, where they lead lazy and healthy lives, but the men convicted of lesser offenses work and die in a terrible climate on the coast. In the settlement of St. Jean de Maroni the mortality is from 40 to 50 per cent. The average life of a convict is two years.

### Which Was It?

"Are we slaves or are we free men?" thundered the orator. "I pause for a reply."

"Some of us are married," came the answer from the last row of seats.—New York Sun.

### An Opportunity.

Judge—Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth? Fair Witness—It will be just perfectly lovely if you really have the time to listen.—Harper's Bazar.

"A little of this goes a long way," said the aeronaut as he flicked the ash from his cigar.—Harvard Lampoon.

## SHOE SIZES.

**How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.**

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighth inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

## BURNED PAPER MONEY.

**Source of Great Profit to the Government and Banks.**

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value, this in spite of the fact that the silver in the worn coin may not be worth half its face value. As to gold coin, the government stands only a small portion of the loss from abrasion; but, according to weight, these worn gold coins always are redeemable.

In the case of the paper currency two-fifths of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and, no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Fire may melt $1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its metal value. It may melt $1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay $1,000 in new twenty dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of $1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for in many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

### Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was cited to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723. "I never could speak in public," he told Spence afterward, "and I don't believe that if it was a set thing I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance."—London Standard.

### The Lost Company.

"Hungry, I suppose?" said the sharp faced woman as she opened the door just a little bit.

"W'y, no," answered the ragged wayfarer. "I've clean forgot how to be hungry. But I'm out and out lonely."

"Lonely!"

"Yes. You see, I hain't had nothing to eat for so long that I've got so thin I can't cast no shadder, and you ain't no idea what company a man's shadder is to him while he is travelin' along the road."

### Considerate.

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?"

Of course they replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.

## THE HARP CAME BACK

### Incident In the Career of an Old Time Opera Manager.

### A SURPRISE FOR MARETZEK.

**It Came at a Time When Max Was Broke and the Sheriff Had Levied Upon All His Stage Properties—Mme. Maretzek's Thanks to the Carpenter.**

In the old days in New York city, before there was a Metropolitan or a Manhattan Opera House and when the center of the theatrical world was around Fourteenth street, Max Maretzek and Strakosch were prominent at the old Academy of Music. There was a keen rivalry between them. Strakosch had Nilsson, and Maretzek was exploiting Di Murska.

By some error of dates both were booked for New York at the same time. Strakosch was at the Academy and Maretzek, having closed a poor season elsewhere, had halted in New York before going to Philadelphia and secured a week at the Lyceum theater on Fourteenth street. There were strong bills at both places. Each manager had his friends, and the billposters had a busy time of it. A round of bills for one company was no sooner posted than the rival billposter covered up the poster with the rival company's sheets.

At last, for the matinee on Saturday, bills at both houses were suddenly changed, every vacant fence place plastered over quickly, and with a pelting storm in the morning the managers began to put out "paper" to fill the houses. Alfred Joel was the business man for Maretzek and an adept at "papering" when necessary. With a house packed from parquet to gallery Joel had counted the boxes, found only $100 in the house and announced it to Max when the curtain fell between the acts.

This was serious to Max. The ever ready money lender who had "put up for him" had a lien on the box office, a sheriff's officer was in waiting on the stage, and it was a question of replevin before the properties and costumes could be liberated to follow the company to Philadelphia early next morning.

"Well, Alfred," quietly said Max, "I guess I'm used to trouble. But there is a good, big house anyway!" Then, turning to his wife, who was the harpist of the orchestra, he clasped both her hands, kissed her and remarked: "Let your fingers do their best. I want to hear you play. It does my heart good, you know, even when there's trouble."

There was hustling after the performance. Legal talent was at a premium, creditors were obdurate, everything that was supposed to be Maretzek's was temporarily in "hock," and Mme. Maretzek in tears, with longing looks at the harp she valued.

The scene of negotiations was transferred to the greenroom just as the officers making the levy were searching for more, and when their backs were turned the old stage carpenter hurried Mme. Maretzek away, then called her back again five minutes after and pointed to the orchestra.

The harp had disappeared. Clearing out everything on Sunday morning, while the boxes of properties were being taken away, Max and his wife stood in the center of the darkened stage. Both were crying. The instrument they valued most had been taken from them. Other things had been liberated, but no harp, and with a scene of grief that no others than themselves could have appreciated they were silent.

Then Old Man Guernsey stood between them and waved his hand above them into space. There were a creaking of pulley wheels, an injunction from the carpenter to "look out for your heads," and, lowered from above, came Mme. Maretzek's harp, landing on the stage between them.

"Now you've got it again, get it away quick!" said Guernsey. "Stop crying and be thankful. That's all."

He moved off without waiting for thanks, and a pathetic scene with Max and his wife closed the incident. To them the harp was as a part of themselves. To lose it was more than a misfortune, and in a broken voice the lady called the carpenter back to her.

"Please let the harp thank you," said she, "and listen. It will speak with my hands on this Sunday morning."

She placed herself beside it, seated on a box, and, with a smile that chased away tears, gave for a moment or two, as only she could give it, the air of the doxology, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."—New York Times.

### Trouble Ahead.

A north country coroner is said to be waiting the suicide of a local poet who wrote about clasping "the two tremulous hands" of his ladylove, but which the printer made to read "the two tremendous hands."—London Mail.

### A Queer Question.

Small Harold (at the zoo)—What is that funny looking bird, papa? Papa—That is a bald eagle, Harold. Small Harold—How long does an eagle have to be married before he gets bald, papa?—Chicago News.

### Usually Has To.

"Say, paw, what is a genius?"

"A genius is a man who can do his own washing, sewing and cooking, my boy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Weak men never yield at the proper time.—Latin.

## TWO UGLY ANIMALS.

### Those Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

### THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

**Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.**

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations much as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior, second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep, round spoors, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Rolker in St. Nicholas.

### The Blue Danube.

The Danube still retains its ancient splendors. The Rhine is the river of vine clad, sunny hills, ruined castles on rugged crags, mediaeval history and modern glory in war and in peace, a river bright as the warble of a bird in the wood. The Danube hills carry immense, almost untouched, forests, higher and grander than the heights of the Rhine. In the midst of this rich, deep green verdure lonely white mountains break in on the eye. There are many wayside chapels, too, on the banks. In solemn, awesome, majestic beauty the Danube far excels the cheery, pretty Rhine, and it must be called a pity that so few American travelers take a tour on this indescribably superb river.—Omaha Bee.

## EASILY MANAGED.

**The Clever Scheme Evolved by the Clock Winder.**

The contract for keeping the church and town hall clocks in order was given to a new man. Unfortunately from the start he experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the district council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Before you took them in hand we could hardly tell the two were striking. Surely you are as competent?"

"Every workman has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine ain't the same as H.'s were."

"I'm decidedly of the opinion that it would be for the general good if they were," remarked one of the councilors.

"Very well, sir, in future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to him last week about the trouble I had with the clocks, and—but perhaps," he added as he produced a letter and handed it to the chairman, "you'd like to see what he said."

"Dear sir," ran the letter—"about them clocks. When you get to know what a cantankerous lot of busybodies the council consists of you'll do the same as I did for fifteen years—forget to wind up the striker of the town hall clock, and the blooming jackasses won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Ancient Sacrifices.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

### A Far Sighted Man.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent!"

"Why not?"

"What! And have my wife losing thirty dollar hats to other women on the election!"—Boston Transcript.

### Particular.

"He's a very particular man."

"Yes. If the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone ahead for a good room."—New York Press.

### Science Now and Then.

In the earliest ages science was poetry, as in the latter poetry has become science.—Lowell.


Chestnut Street

**Jewelry Store**

R. H. HIRSCH, Prop

Our store has been especially prepared for the HOLIDAY TRADE and invite the citizens of Cameron county to call and examine our new assortment of

**Gold and Silverware**
**Diamonds**
**Watches, Clocks**
**Rings, Lockets,**
**Chains, Etc.**

These are newly purchased from the factory and I am prepared to give my customers some real bargains.

Don't forget the place

**R. H. HIRSCH**

**The Sugar Bowl**

OPPOSITE HEILMAN'S HARDWARE STORE, EMPORIUM, PA.

*The best place in Cameron Gaunty to purchase*

HOME-MADE CANDIES
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, Etc.

Fruits of all kinds for Christmas
Bananas, Naval Oranges,
Florida Oranges, Lemons,
Malaga Grapes,
Tangerines, Grape Fruit.

**New Dates 3 lbs for 25c**

**New Figs, 15c a lb**

**Special Sale Until New Year's Day Only**

**Commencing Dec. 20.**

NOTE THE PRICES—Best Pennut Brittle, Cocoa Brittle, all varities of Taffy, 3 lbs for 25c; Fresh Xmas Candies fresh and pure daily. We have a fine line of nuts of every variety.

**New Mixed Nuts, Walnuts per lb 15c and 20c**
**Fresh Roasted and Salted Peanuts 15c lb.**

**LOOSE HOLLY; HOLLY WREATHS**

We deliver goods to any part of town.

Phone 61K.

**The Sugar Bowl**

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

*Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.*

Arthur Catlin called on friends at Driftwood between trains last Sunday.

Rev. F. B. Schriner returned on Saturday from visiting at New Castle.

Miss Grace Schriner, the pleasant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Schriner, was a PRESS caller on Tuesday.

Misses Bessie Edwards and Elise Narby were business callers at the new PRESS office last Saturday morning.

Dudley Cole, of Curwensville, was uest of his cousin, Harold Seger, last Saturday evening and Sunday.

Misses Verena and Hilda Hertig spent a few days shopping and visiting friends at Olean this week.

Miss Mary Leutze, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Leutze, was a business caller at the PRESS office on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Helen Taggart departed for Kittanning, Pa., on Tuesday, where she is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George Deike.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cramer and daughter, Miss Lena, left Emporium on Tuesday morning for Buffalo, N. Y., from which place they will start for New Orleans and thence to California for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Simmons will occupy part of the Cramer home during their absence.

Gordan Howlett, of Sterling Run, transacted business for Central Lumber Co., in Emporium on Monday and called on the PRESS, renewing his paper for another year, as he always does promptly. Mr. Howlett was guest of Commercial House, where he always stops when looking after timber and bark interests in this section.

C. Leslie Freck, of Sheffield, was guest of his cousin, W. S. Sterner, for a few days during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robinson, of Ellington, N. Y., were guests at the home of C. G. Catlin and family on Fifth street, last Sunday.

Misses Flora Schlecht and Mazie Gallagher were guests at the home of the former's sister at Johnsonburg, last Saturday and Sunday.

Andrew Cavanaugh, of Pittsburg, is guest of his sister, Mrs. John Trepswether, on Fourth street, and will remain until after the holiday season.

The genial D. R. Branson is in town spending the holidays with his wife, who is guest of her father, Mr. A. A. McDonald.

Charles Farrell has been enjoying a short vacation, the past week. His whereabouts seem to be a mystery to his numerous friends.

Jos. Kaye, Jr., who has been at Demming, Wash., for some time, returned to his home at this place last Friday.

Mrs. Joseph Kaye returned to Emporium last Sunday, after spending a short time at Williamsport.

John Catlin, of Renovo, was guest at the home of his parents, C. G. Catlin and wife, on Fifth street, last Sunday.

Ed. More, who has been working at Philadelphia for some time, has arrived in town to spend the Holidays with his mother and other relatives.

A fine line of picture moulding for Xmas framing at Bair's Studio. 43-2


**The Use of Sexine Pills,**

No man or woman who is nervous, weak or irritable, should fail to take Sexine Pills. The treatment cost only $5 and it is fully guaranteed. Sexine Pills make you strong and happy. Price $1 a box; six boxes $5, with money-back guarantee. Address or call on R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa., where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Don't put off ordering your Xmas photographs made. Have them made now and give me lots of time to do a nice job. Open on Sundays 1:30 4:00.
43-2 BAIR'S STUDIO.

R·B·I STANDS for the BEST in BUSINESS EDUCATION

**Young People With R. B. I. Training Always In Demand.**

During the last four years, Nov. 1, 1905, to Nov. 1, 1909, during the period of severe business depression, 4212 calls for graduates to fill good positions were received, 1013 more than the entire student enrollment during that time. Attendance much larger this year than ever before. Next monthly registration dates Jan. 3 and 4. Send for catalogue.
ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE.


## ODD ELECTION SIGNS.

**The Signs Are In Washington, the Elections Elsewhere.**

"Of course we don't have any elections of our own," said a man from Washington, "but we have election intimations, if I may call them that, which can't be duplicated anywhere else in the country.

"You see, when we Washingtonians want to vote we've got to do it somewhere else, and as most of us have a lingering fondness for the franchise we are pretty likely to hang on to a residence somewhere outside the District.

"We especially like to do it because it makes us feel as if we had some sort of weapon to flourish before the observing eyes of the politicians who may have something to say about our hold on our jobs, and when the time comes to go home to vote we visibly swell with importance.

"Naturally a national election is the one that catches us all at once, and it is then that the intimations I spoke of do most abound. The papers are full of advertisements of loans for election expenses. Department clerks can be accommodated with sums covering their railway fare, new clothes for the trip and a substantial margin over and above necessary items. The interest is a bit high, but a clerk who is pining to go back home to splurge a bit is willing to mortgage his resources for the pleasure.

"These offers of loans fill columns of the daily papers. Alongside of them are other advertisements, all turning on the one theme, the election. 'Buy yourself a new suit to go home and vote in!' The grammar is a bit off, but the prices are asserted to be all right.

"In the shop windows there are dozens of election placards: 'Just the hat to wear when you go home to vote,' 'Specials in suit cases for the election,' 'Take a souvenir hatpin to your best girl when you go home to vote,' 'Swell suit for the election, only $1 a week,' and in a shoe store window, 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—home to vote; wear ——'s shoes and you won't get sore feet!'

"The railways offer special rates to voters, and so it goes. You won't find anything like it in any other town."—New York Sun.

**Curious Laws In India.**

Some of the old laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance. Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain, the girl was supposed never to become a widow. To obtain divorce from a husband a wife had only to place a betel nut under his pillow and depart. In Nepal the day is considered to begin when it is light enough to count the tiles on the roof or distinguish the hairs on a man's hand against the sky.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 14, 1909.

| | |
|---|---|
| NEMOPHILA, per sack | $1 60 |
| Felt's Fancy, " | 1 70 |
| Pet Grove, " | 1 70 |
| Roller Meal, " | 50 |
| Rye " | 75 |
| Graham " | 80 |
| Buckwheat, " | 75 |
| Buckwheat, 10 lb sack, | 30 |
| Coarse Meal per 100, | 1 50 |
| Chop Feed, " | 1 50 |
| Cracked Corn per 100 | 1 50 |
| Middlings, " | 1 50 |
| White Middlings, | 1 60 |
| Bran, | 1 50 |
| Chicken Wheat " | 2 00 |
| Screenings " | 1 50 |
| Oil Meal " | 2 00 |
| Corn per bushel, | 84 |
| Sterling Chick Feed | 2 00 |
| Daisy Dairy Feed | 1 50 |
| Daisy Horse Feed, | 1 50 |
| Alfalfa Meal, | 1 50 |
| White Oats, per bushel, | 55 |
| Oyster Shells, per 100 | 75 |
| Choice Clover Seed, | At Market Prices |
| Choice Timothy Seed, | |
| Choice Millet Seed, | |


## SANTA CLAUS IN PORTO RICO.

CHRISTMAS in Spain is a religious festival rather than a social one. It was so originally in Porto Rico, but the population has been influenced partly by the spirit of the new world and partly by the many American merchants who reside in the cities and who exert an influence much greater than the numbers would seem to warrant.

The churches welcome the day with chimes which begin at midnight and last until the midnight of the next day. What with one church beginning ten minutes too soon and another ten minutes too late and a third at the right moment, what with bells which ring every fifteen minutes and bell ringers who under some ancient custom will sound the great bells every half hour, the air is filled with music which never seems to end.

If you are near a campanile the effect is not altogether pleasant on account of the volume of sound striking the ear with too much force, but in a public square several hundred yards from the nearest belfry, where trees

A DAUGHTER PLAYS ON THE GUITAR.

and buildings break the sound waves, or in suburbs on the hillside the effect is unspeakably delightful.

Pleasantest of all is it when you are sitting in the inner court or quadrangle of a Porto Rican home. Around you on four sides the house rises above you, and in the grounds or in great tubs and porcelain pots rich flowers, graceful vines and restful trees afford shade, color and perfume. The sound of the bells descends from the air above very much like a benediction. You sit in an easy chair, and servants bring you tea or steaming coffee, sweetmeats and biscuits, confections and cigarettes, while a daughter or son plays ancient songs or dances upon a mandolin or guitar.

The churches are crowded; so are the clubs and most of the places of recreation. Every vehicle is in use, and here and there can be seen young men and women trying to imitate English models. Some of the people of the mountain districts carry out many of their early superstitions in regard to Christmas. They hang over the doors of their houses boughs of trees which are supposed to possess charms and often conduct marriage ceremonies under great canopies made of these charmed trees.

A great many wild flowers are in bloom at Christmastide, and these are worn by children of the mountain districts in wreaths and garlands about their heads, necks and waists. The Christmas giving is sadly missing in our new possessions. The churches hold no Christmas tree, and there are few charitable societies to give feasts. However, one hospital for old people and orphans in Ponce gives a Christmas fete, and the inmates have a good meal and receive warm clothing, medicines and other needful gifts.

The American occupation has brought extra Christmas cheer to the people of the island. The American residents celebrate the day in good American fashion, and, best of all, they put money into circulation and give zest to industry and business.

**When Shepherds Watched by Night.**

Some historians contend that the shepherds could not have watched by night on the Bethlehem plains in December, it being a period of great inclemency. In answer to this a well known student says: "Bethlehem is not a cold region. The mercury usually stands all the month of December at 46 degrees. Corn is sown during this time, and grass and herbs spring up after the rains, so that the Arabs drive their flocks down from the mountains into the plains. The most delicate never make fires till about the end of November, and some pass the whole winter without them. From these facts I think it is established without doubt that our Saviour was born on the 25th day of December, the day which the church throughout the world has united to celebrate in honor of Christ's coming in the flesh."—Washington Star.

**The Most Popular Christmas Poem.**

The most popular Christmas poem ever written for children was that familiar to the world, beginning:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house—

The poem was written by a very learned man, Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, a profound Greek and Hebrew scholar. He was a professor in the General Theological seminary in this city. He was born in 1779 and died in 1863.—New York Globe.


# DAY'S

**The Satisfactory Store**

Where Holiday Good Cheer prevails and the work of providing for your comfort, pleasure and convenience for the Yule Tide Season goes on. Our telephone and delivery service is at your command but we invite you to visit the store and see the tempting array of good things that is being gathered together for you

**Holiday Nuts and Candies and Candied Good Things**

## GROCERIES

RIGHT SORTS

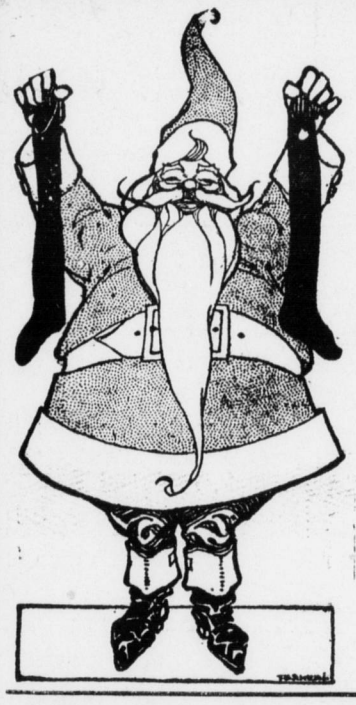
WIDEST VARIETY

High Grade Teas and Coffees

Butter, Cheese and Eggs of the Best Grade

**Holly and Holly Wreaths** For Decorating Leave Orders Now

Do not delay until the last moment and then in the Christmas rush, perhaps be disappointed, but GIVE US your order early and rest assured that it will be executed to your entire satisfaction.



**Christmas Gifts for Everybody**

While catering to the wants of the inner man is a principal feature of this store, we would remind you that your wants in the line of gift giving can be supplied here as well. Beautiful China, decorated and plain, odd pieces or whole Dinner Sets. Blown and Pressed Glass, Water Sets, Jardinieres, Toilet Sets Fern Dishes, Vases.

**Notable Kitchen Specialties** All the little conveniencies for making easy the work of the kitchen.

Extensive line of Enamel Ware

Novelties in Burnt Wood, Etc

**Big Saving Prices** for FRIDAY and SATURDAY THIS WEEK

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sugar | 25lb Bag Best Granulated | $1.45 | Shredded Wheat | 15c pkg | 12c |
| Coffee | 5 lbs our famous KA-U-KA Coffee | 1.00 | Hickory Nuts | new Shell Bark | 10c |
| Pop Corn | 1908 crop, 4lbs | 25c | Oranges | 35c Floridas the doz | 30c |
| Soda | Churche's Arm and Hammer brand Soda | 8c | Onions | Choice yellow stock, pk | 25c |
| Pickles | Heinz 15c Bottle - - | 10c | Starch | 6 lbs Laundry Starch | 25c |
| Cranberries | Cap Cod, 3 quart | 25c | Apples | Greenings or Spies, a peck | 35c |

**Baltimore Shucked Oysters**

**Fresh Caught Lake Fish**

Leave Orders for Delivery Friday Morning

# J. H. DAY.

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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The Girl Was Now Frantic.

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever.

## CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

At noon, having learned that Winthrope's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn-brush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrope had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for cocoanut milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers, and went off towards the north end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers was torn to shreds, and the palms of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of cocoanuts. After a vain attempt to climb the giant palms on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had succeeded in reaching the tops of two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of bird fat—goose-grease, Blake called it—and dressed his hands. Yet even with the bandages which she made of soft inner bark and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn-brush the following day. Unfortunately for him, he was not content to sit idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of plaited cocoanut-fiber with a long catgut leader. In the afternoon he completed his outfit with a hairpin hook and a piece of half-dried meat.

He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fair-sized fish. His mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green bamboos.

When the odor of the broiling fish spread about in the still air, even Winthrope sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisping delicacies with a ravenous look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with such haste that he burnt his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrope cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe the result of Blake's greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the fire, when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick.

"Salt!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Poison fish! Don't eat! God!—Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that beads of sweat were rolling down his face. He writhed, and stretched out a quivering hand—"Salt, quick!—warm water—salt!"

"But there's none left! You remember, yesterday—"

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, overcome by a racking convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bulldog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" screamed the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outburst of delirious laughter. Winthrope was sitting upright and waving his fever-blotched hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'im run! 'E's got w'at'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you—"

There followed a torrent of cockney abuse so foul that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his resolute eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body contorted in the death agony. The vision filled her with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear him, she found herself admiring his virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas. Indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she all but disbelieved what her own ears had heard.

And anyway, without his aid, what should she do? Winthrope had already become as weak as a child. The emaciation of his jaundiced features was a mockery of their former plumpness. Blake had said that the fever might run on for another week, and that even if Winthrope recovered, he would probably be helpless for several days besides.

What was no less serious, though she had concealed the fact from Blake, she herself had been troubled the past week with the depression and lassitude which had preceded Winthrope's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrope recovered, they would both die from lack of care. And if they did not die of the fever, what of their future, here on this desolate savage coast?

But the very keenness of her mental anguish so exhausted and numbed the girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from behind the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was no sound; but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay between the fire and the entrance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and, with teeth bared and back bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the leopard skin, the beast drew away, with an uneasy whine.

There was a pause; then, backed by three others, the leader approached Winthrope. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot, and then, with a ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrope was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was barred by the upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrope started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected resistance, the jackals leaped back—only to spring in again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrope was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrope's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrope's shriek, instead of spurring her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again through her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primeval instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

"Quick!—into the tree!" she called.

Still frantic with terror, Winthrope struggled to his feet. She thrust him towards the baobab, and followed, dragging the mass of interwoven bamboos. Emboldened by the retreat of their quarry, the snarling pack instantly began to close in. Fortunately they were too cowardly to rush at once, and fear spurred their intended victims to the utmost haste. Groping and stumbling, the two felt their way to the baobab, and Miss Leslie pushed Winthrope headlong through the entrance. As he fell, she turned to face the pack.

The foremost beasts were at the rear edge of the bamboo framework, their eyes close to the ground. Instinct told her that they were crouching to leap. With desperate strength she caught up the canopy before her like a great shield, and drew it in after her until the ends of the cross-bars were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Though it seemed so firm, she clung to it with a convulsive grasp as she felt the pack leaders fling themselves against the outer side.

But Blake had lashed the bamboos securely together, and none of the beasts was heavy enough to snap the supple bars. Finding that they could not break down the barrier, they began to scratch and tear at the thatch which covered the frame. Soon a pair of lean jaws thrust in and snapped at the girl's skirt. She sprang back, with a cry: "Help! Quick, Mr. Winthrope! They're breaking through!"

Winthrope made no response. She stooped, and found him lying inert where he had fallen. She had only herself to depend upon. A screen of sharp sticks which she had made for the entrance was leaning against the inner wall, within easy reach. To grasp it and thrust it against the other framework was the work of an instant.

Still she trembled, for the eager beasts had ripped the thatch from the canopy, and their inthrust jaws made short work of the few leaves on her screen. Unaware that even a lion or a tiger is quickly discouraged by the knife-like splinters of broken bamboo, she expected every moment that the jackals would bite their way through her frail barrier.

She remembered the sharpened stakes of her screen, hidden under the leaves and grass of her bed. She groped her way across the hollow, and uncovered one of the stakes. In her haste she cut her hand on its razor-like edge. All unheeding, she sprang back towards the entrance. She was none too soon. One of the smaller jackals had forced its head and one leg between the bars, and was struggling to enlarge the opening.

Fearful that the whole pack was about to burst in upon her, the girl grasped the bamboo stake in both hands, and began stabbing and lunging at the beast with all her strength. The jackal squirmed and snarled and snapped viciously. But the girl was now frantic. She pressed nearer, and though the white teeth grazed her wrist, she drove home a thrust that changed the beast's snarls into a howl of pain. Before she could strike again, it had struggled back out of the hole, beyond reach.

Tense and panting with excitement, she leaned forward, ready to stab at the next beast. None appeared, and presently she became aware that the pack had been daunted by the experience of their unlucky fellow. Their snarls and yells had subsided to whines, which seemed to be coming from a greater distance. Still she waited, with the bamboo stake upraised ready to strike, every nerve and muscle of her body tense with the strain.

So great was the stress of her fear and excitement that she had not heeded the first gray lessening of the night. But now the glorious tropical dawn came streaming out of the east in all its red effulgence. Above and through the bamboo barrier glowed a light such as might have come from a great fire on the cliff top. Still tense and immovable, the girl stared out up the cleft. There was not a jackal in sight. She leaned forward and peered around, unable to believe such good fortune. But the night prowlers had slunk off in the first gray dawn.

The girl drew in a deep, shuddering sigh, and sank back. Her hand struck against Winthrope's foot. She turned about quickly and looked at him. He was lying upon his face. She hastened to turn him upon his side, and to feel his forehead. It was cool and moist. He was fast asleep and drenched with sweat. The great shock of his pain and fear and excitement had broken his fever.

With the relief and joy of this discovery, the girl completely relaxed. Not observing Winthrope's wounds, which had bled little, she sought to force a way out through the entrance. It was by no means an easy task to free the wedged framework, and when, after much pulling and pushing, she at last tore the mass loose, she found herself perspiring no less freely than Winthrope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## INSISTED ON HOLE IN COFFIN.

### Though It Col. Butler's Triumphant Pigtail Should Protrude.

Thomas Butler, a colonel in the army of the United States early in the nineteenth century, died in New Orleans in 1805 in the midst of his celebrated controversy with Gen. Wilkinson regarding the wearing of his queue.

Col. Butler insisted on wearing his hair in the old-fashioned style in disobedience to Wilkinson's orders. According to Pierce Butler in his biography of Judah P. Benjamin, while the dispute was still raging Butler died and left directions that a hole should be bored in the head of his coffin and that he should be borne to the grave with his triumphant pigtail protruding in defiance. The family tradition is that these directions were carried out

### A Double Delight.

"Congratulate he," said young Smith to a fellow clerk. "I'm going to get married."

"Fine. Glad to hear it. But don't marry all her family."

"Oh, there's only one sister—a twin," said Smith.

"Look alike?" asked the other.

"Can't tell 'em apart."

"Well, that's rather awkward, isn't it? How do you know which is which?"

"Well," confessed Smith, "up to date I haven't tried very hard."

Flattery is turned to good account when used as a guidepost to all one ought to be.—Sample.


SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A CRUISE TO SOUTH AMERICA

BRAZIL, ARGENTINA URUGUAY and CHILE

First trip of its kind ever arranged—will be made by the S.S. Bluecher (12,500 tons) leaving New York January 22, 1910. Duration

81 Days. $350 up

Also cruises to the West Indies and Orient

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HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway - - - - New York

Little Beauty Night Lamp

Once filled with kerosene it will burn 40 hours and is absolutely odorless. Ornamental, too, because handsomely constructed of brass nickel-plated and each lamp is provided with enough wick to last several years. The lamp can be used in entries, hallways, closets and is invaluable for Nursery and Sickroom. Ask your dealer, or by mail (postpaid) 65c. Agts. wanted. 65c

SILVER & CO.

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306 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makes Shaving Easy

NO STROPPING NO HONING

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

An absolutely harmless remedy for Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Give immediate relief in Bronchial and Lung Affections.

Fifty years' reputation.

Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per box.

Sample sent on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

FITS cured to stay cured. Eminent judges, ministers, congressmen and the medical press declare my cures permanent. I cure after others fail. WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOKLET. Address Dr. W. Towns, Fond du Lac, Wis.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About its Wheat-Producing Power:

"The greatest need of this country [United States] in another generation or two will be the providing of homes for its people and producing sufficient for them. The days of our prominence as a wheat exporting country are gone. Canada is to be the great wheat country."

This great railroad magnate is taking advantage of the situation by extensive railway building to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat

were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres (at $3 per acre), are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured; mixed farming a success. Write as to best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive illustrated "Last Best West" (sent free on application), and other information, to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS

Law Building Toledo, Ohio

(Use address nearest you). (d)

Wanted At Once—A Man

TO Make $100 Per Month Above Expenses

1000 MEN ARE NOW MAKING BIG MONEY with our Medicines, Extracts, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stock and Poultry Preparations, Polishes, etc. We are one of the largest importers and manufacturers in the U. S. Our capital and surplus is One Million Dollars. We make over 60 products, all guaranteed. Our factories have over 3 acres of floor space.

WE NOW WANT one man in each unoccupied locality to take full charge of all deliveries to farmers and others from a wagon; similar to the above; in short, a man able to take full charge of everything pertaining to our business in his district. Not every man can fill this position nor can we afford to contract with one who is too extravagant or too old or too young. We want to hear from men who have been fairly successful—honest, industrious men who will be satisfied to make not less than

$100 Per Month Clear Profit

above expenses the first year, $1800 the second year, and $2400 the third year.

If you are fairly well acquainted in your locality and you think you can fill the position, lose no time in writing us for full particulars as we are now rapidly filling all vacant territory. We do not want to hear from men under 21 or over 50 years of age, colored people, or women. To get this position a man must be able to furnish 1 or 2 horses to conduct the business, also good business men as references. If you cannot meet these requirements do not write; if you can meet them, write us; you are the man we are looking for. The position pays big is honorable and permanent.

W. T. RAWLEIGH CO. 36 Liberty St. Freeport, Ill.

The difference remember this—

it may save your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—tea spoon doses of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they sweat enough to move. *Cascarets* strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through *Cascarets* can you get it quickly and naturally. 884

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

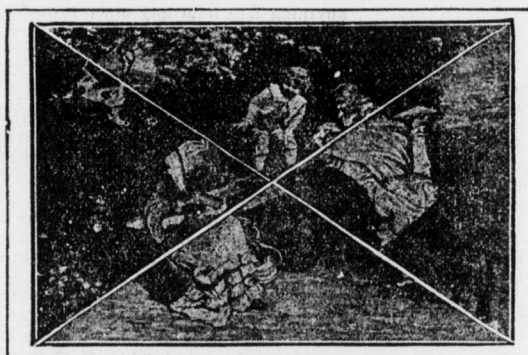
MEPO CURES CATARRH

Hay Fever, Headache, Colds. Two weeks' treatment sent on receipt of 25c. MEPO CO., 186 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 50-1909.

Can You Solve This Puzzle



Cut-out Puzzles are a great fad these days. They are interesting, educational and a wonderful training for the eye. Can you cut this one out and put it together as it belongs? If you put them together just right, they will fit perfectly. It looks rather hard at first glance, but you should be able to do it with a little study. Anyway we want you to try it and our free reward offered below will pay you well for your trouble.

A Beautiful Colored Picture for You

We want to see how many persons can put this picture together, getting each piece in its right place. There are 4 pieces in all and we want you to cut them out, trim them neatly and paste them on a piece of paper. Then write your name and address on it and send to us with 4 cents in stamps. To pay you for your trouble we will send you free the picture shown in the puzzle—beautifully colored and 10x15 inches in size. We will also tell you how to make a lot of money during your spare time working for us. Send solution and 4 cts postage today to

THE PUZZLE MAN, 62-A Worthington St., Springfield, Mass.

W·L·DOUGLAS $3.00 $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD

Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION.—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.

BOY'S SHOES $2.00 & $2.50

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

# The KITCHEN CABINET

HAPPY he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

### Old-Fashioned Favorites.

No matter how much we may delight in new things in cookery, new ways of serving and preparing dishes of all kinds, we never quite lose our affection for the old-fashioned cookery that was the pride of our grandmothers. We have outgrown the necessity for pie for breakfast; but who would give up pie as an occasional dessert?

### Cream Pie.

Use any recipe for layer cake that is light and delicate; bake in round layer cake tins and put together with sweetened flavored whipped cream. If it is wanted especially nice and with a modern touch in garnishing, sprinkle the top of the cake after putting on the cream roughly with chopped candied cherries. This will then be a veritable Washington pie, modernized.

A cake may be removed from the tins nicely, if allowed to stand for a few moments to sweat and loosen from the bottom.

A delicious filling for a layer cake is sour cream, sugar one cup each and chopped hickory nut meats. Cook the sugar and cream and add the nuts just before taking off the heat.

### Suet Pudding.

Mix and sift together two and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, one-half a teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half a teaspoonful each of ginger, clove and nutmeg. Add one cupful each of molasses, suet and milk, together, then combine mixtures. Three-fourths of a cupful of currants, one and one-fourth cupfuls of raisins, one-half cupful of citron. Cut fine. Turn into a buttered mold, cover and steam three hours. Serve with egg sauce.

### Egg Sauce.

Beat two eggs until light and foamy; add a tablespoonful of sugar, a half cup of rich milk, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and serve at once.

AH WHAT would the world be to us
If the children were no more.
We would dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said.
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—Longfellow.

### Children's Parties.

Children's parties are functions that occur at any and all seasons, and the chief thought with the mother is to give the younglings a good time and food that will be wholesome. The entertainment is a simple matter, for children are easily amused, a puzzle party or a soap bubble party giving a small prize to the one who puts the puzzle together first and the one who blows the largest bubble.

The old games are always popular; drop the handkerchief, blind man's buff, putting a tail on the donkey and any number of games which are simple enough for small children may be played.

The refreshments are the important feature of a children's party and the part for them of the most interest. The honest small boy who was being entertained at a children's party expressed the feelings of most children when he asked: "When is the party to begin?"

Sandwiches of different varieties, cut in fancy shapes, are always favorites, and ice cream with small cakes are most gratifying.

The little cakes may be frosted with white or cholocate and decorated with candies to delight the heart of the child.

In preparing the sandwiches if the meat used is chicken or ham, it should always be chopped. Sweet sandwiches of grated maple sugar and salted almonds chopped make a sandwich which is most delectable.

The little paper cases may be used with creamed chicken if one cares to have a more elaborate menu, and cocoa and milk for the drink.

A tiny box of candy given each child to take home will be something to remember with joy for many days. If the party is a birthday one, the cake may be decorated with candles and lighted when brought in. This is a pleasure that never loses its charm, even when the candles number up in the thirties.

Nellie Maxwell.

### Couldn't Fool Him.

"Say, what kind of a vehicle is that on the back porch?" queried the innocent summer boarder.

"That," replied the old farmer's wife, "is a baby carriage."

"Now you're trying to guy me," rejoined the i. s. b. "That's no baby carriage; I'll bet it's 20 years old if it's a day!"

## BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

### Usually There Are Other Troubles to Prove It.

Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to remove and cure the congestion or inflammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say: "Oh, my back."

Thompson Watkins, professional nurse, 420 N. 23rd St., Parsons, Kan., says: "For some time I was annoyed with sharp twinges across the small of my back and irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I am free from these troubles."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### A HINT.

The Boss—That's an ancient-looking coat you're wearing, Mr. Shrimp.

Mr. Shrimp—Yes, sir; it's the one I got when you last raised my salary!

### May Paste Million Posters.

Artists, billposters, printers, paper manufacturers and tuberculosis fighters are all united in a gigantic crusade against tuberculosis which is about to be started under the direction of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In addition to the gifts of free space on billboards and free printing of posters made by the Associated Billposters and Distributors of America and the Poster Printers' Association, several hundred paper manufacturers have given paper for the posters to the value of several thousand dollars, and artists from all over the United States are contributing sketches for posters, free of charge. The local, state and national anti-tuberculosis associations will see that the posters are placed in cities and towns where they are most needed.

The posters are 9 feet long and 7 feet wide and will be printed in several colors. If sufficient paper is procured a million will be pasted up. The value of these various contributions would reach fully $2,000,000 if paid for at commercial rates.

### Wanted More.

Francis, aged 2½, was given a bunch o' grapes on his solemn promise not to "swallow the seeds." Very carefully he removed them all, and enjoyed the fruit as a child always does enjoy a new goody. When he had removed the last grape from its clinging place, he handed the empty stalk to his father.

"Daddy," he said, "will you send this back to the store and have the man put some more grapes on it?"

### Not Even Sandy.

Wilford was sitting upon his father's knee watching his mother arranging her hair.

"Papa hasn't any Marcel waves like that," said the father, laughingly.

Wilford, looking up at his father's bald pate, replied: "Nope, no waves; it's all beach."—Columbia Jester.

### No Hobnobbing.

Mrs. Askit—When she's abroad does she hobnob with royalty?

Mrs. Nonaught—Mercy, no! Her behaviour is always extremely proper.—Smart Set.

### RESULTS OF FOOD

#### Health and Natural Conditions Come From Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

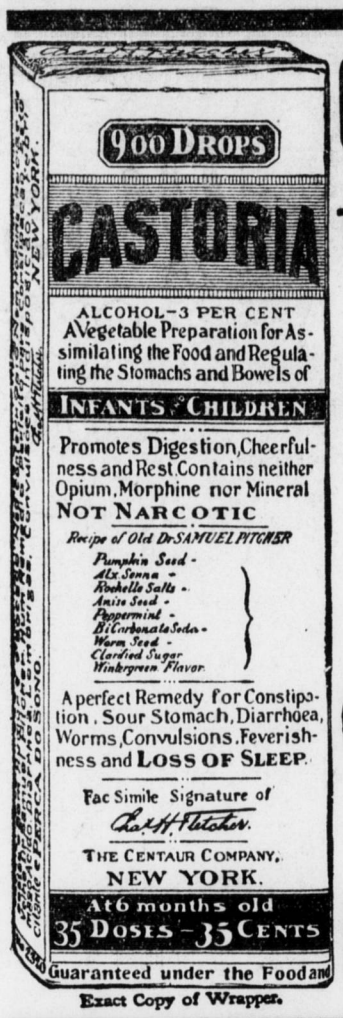
"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held over 40 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation, and its attendant evils.

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical condition much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result.

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**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CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral
NOT NARCOTIC
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
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Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BURNS HERPES CHAFING ABRASIONS ERUPTIONS RING WORM

# RESINOL

SCALDS ECZEMA ITCHING POISON IVY ERYSIPELAS NETTLE RASH

is a perfect ointment—stops itching instantly. Prescribed by leading physicians throughout the world. A few applications will cure the worst case of itching and inflamed piles. For sale by all druggists or sent direct on receipt of price, 50 cents per jar.

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

I am glad to say that Resinol Ointment has completely cured me of itching piles.
J. H. Kidall, Dentist, Mt. Washington, Ohio.

## $125,000 net from 1200 acres grapes.
## $15,000 from 22 acres peaches.
## $3,200 from 20 acres raisins, in the
# San Joaquin Valley, California

A cow and an acre of alfalfa will earn $120 a year in the San Joaquin Valley.

Grapes will yield from $100 to $300 per acre; peaches and apricots, $150 to $500; while oranges will produce from $250 to $500, and in many instances more than $1000 an acre. There are ten million arable and irrigable acres here. You still may buy unimproved land for $50 an acre.

Ten acres are enough to comfortably support a small family. Twenty acres afford a fine living, with money in the bank. Forty acres should make you rich.

You pay from one-fourth to one-third down, balance **easily can be paid for out of the crops.**

Almost anything can be raised in the San Joaquin country—oranges and wheat, figs and apples, delicate grapes and hardy potatoes. Products of the temperate and semi-tropic zones flourish side by side.

**Plenty of water** for irrigation drawn from the near-by Sierra snows. **It is easy for one to make a start.** Land between the rows can be used, while orchard is young, for many profitable crops. The point is to **make every square foot bear something.**

**What some farmers have done:**

Frank Thomas, of Fresno, Cal., bought twenty acres of land five years ago. He had but $300 to start on. Today his place is paid for and he has an income of over $2,000 a year.

William Shrayer, R. F. D. 7, Fresno, Cal., bought his first ten acres six years ago. Now owns sixty acres all paid for, and refuses $12,000 for his place.

M. F. Tarpey, of Fresno, owns vineyard of 1,200 acres, from which he takes an annual profit of $125,000.

On the Harold estate, twenty-two acres of peaches yielded a $15,000 crop.

Carson Reed, Reedley, Cal., from a twenty-acre crop of Sultana raisins netted $3,200.

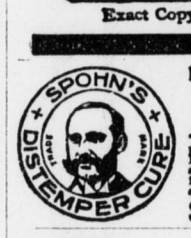
**I know this valley** from end to end. I have seen crops planted and harvested in every one of its counties. I have interviewed farmers, ranchers and merchants. I have collated the testimony of crop experts.

All this valuable information is contained in the San Joaquin Valley land folder issued by the Santa Fe Railway. Write for it, giving full name and address. I will also send you our immigration journal, The Earth, six months free.

The Santa Fe employs me to help settle up its Southwest lines. The Company has no land to sell, but I will gladly refer your inquiry to reliable land owners who have.

**Low fares** are offered by the Santa Fe daily. Comfortable tourist sleepers and chair cars. The journey also may be made at other times for a reasonable cost. Santa Fe tourist service to San Francisco is quickest.

C. L. SEAGRAVES, General Colonization Agent
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System
1150 Railway Exchange Chicago, Ill.




For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands; expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle, $5 and $10 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special agents wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

# Outwit the Horse Sharper

**Did you ever find a lemon in a horse's nose? How and why did it get there? Did the last horse you bought go incurably lame the next day? Do you know why? Why were his ears tied together with a fine silken thread? Perhaps you are about to buy a horse because you like his "ginger"? Are you sure it is health and high spirits, or IS it ginger—commercial ginger? Are you sure you could tell the age of a horse by its teeth? Or would your experience be like that other man's, who paid $3500 for a 17-year-old horse, thinking he was buying a 7-year-old? The horse had been "Bishoped."**

**Horse buying and trading offer hundreds of opportunities and temptations to use trickery and sharp practice.**

**There is only one way to meet it:—read**

## "HORSE SECRETS" EXPOSED

It will protect you—will make you horse-wise and crook-proof, and save you from being cheated by dopes or tricks when buying, selling, or trading. It exposes and makes you acquainted with the tricks and handling methods of gyps and a certain class of unscrupulous dealers. Many of the secrets of this book are now made public for the first time. No such collection of Horse Trading, Horse Buying, Horse Training, and Horse Feeding information has ever before been published. It is impossible even in this large space to give a complete list of the secrets in this sensational book.

"Horse Secrets" has been prepared by Dr. A. S. Alexander, the famous veterinarian, who has had upwards of 25 years' experience in Horse-Buying and Breeding.

***Doped and Doctored horses are sold every day; be on your guard.***

## How to Secure "Horse Secrets"

Horse Secrets has all the interest of an exciting story. The reader goes along from page to page with increasing wonderment at the clever dishonesty of tricky horse traders. It is a book that will sharpen your wits, and already the demand has far exceeded our expectations. We could sell this book and make large sales, too, at almost any price we wanted to ask. But we believe that WE CAN DO MORE GOOD in another way; therefore we offer it only in connection with the following offer:

**Horse Secrets and subscription to FARM JOURNAL for 5 years, both for $1.00**

FARM JOURNAL is the paper taken by most farmers, and by at least 150,000 people in towns and villages all over the United States. 650,000 cash-in-advance subscribers read every issue with delight and profit. It is a farm paper for farmers, but it is far more than that. Splendid departments on Vegetables, Flowers, Poultry, Household Hints and Recipes, Fashions, High Grade Patterns, the Family Doctor, Legal Questions, Boys' and Girls' pages, etc., as well as on Horses, Cows, Sheep, Swine, Orchard, and Field Crops.

In short, it is for everybody, town as well as country, and at the same time practical, instructive, amusing, and cheerful.

FARM JOURNAL is clean and pure. It never has to be carried out of the house with the tongs. The advertising columns receive the most careful scrutiny and the bars are up all the time against medical, deceptive, suggestive or nasty advertising of any kind whatever.

FARM JOURNAL is thirty-three years old, and has grown to be by far the largest in the world. Its score of editors are men and women who write "with their sleeves rolled up." They know what they are talking about, and can quit when they are through.

By itself, FARM JOURNAL is worth many dollars a year to every American who lives in or near the country. Yet the price, WITH "Horse Secrets" is only $1.00 for FIVE YEARS.

**If you send your dollar within 10 days, we will include free "Poor Richard Revived," our splendid 1910 Farm Almanac. 48 pages of useful and amusing reading, calendar for the year 1910, etc.**

## A Partial List of Secrets

### SECRETS OF HORSE TRADING AND SELLING:

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**Farm Journal, 1087 Race St., Philadelphia**

# An Unusual Offer

**From now till Christmas we will give free With every one of our Ladies Black Caracula or Plush Coats, regular price $25.00 or over, a beautiful hand embroidered Sofa Pillow, the actual cost of these Pillows is 6.00.**

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**About 12 Misses Coats for ages 16 to 20 at much below cost. These coats are made of good heavy cloth, colors are navy, and brown, myrtle and garnet; former prices $5.98 to $12.00, sale price each $3.98.**

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**All our Trimmed Hats are now marked down below cost. Now is the time for bargains.**

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### A Suitable Gift

**A box of guaranteed Hose for men, women and children; six pair for $1.00. Guaranteed for six months or new stockings.**

**$1.00 Flexible Gilt Belts, special sale each 10c.**

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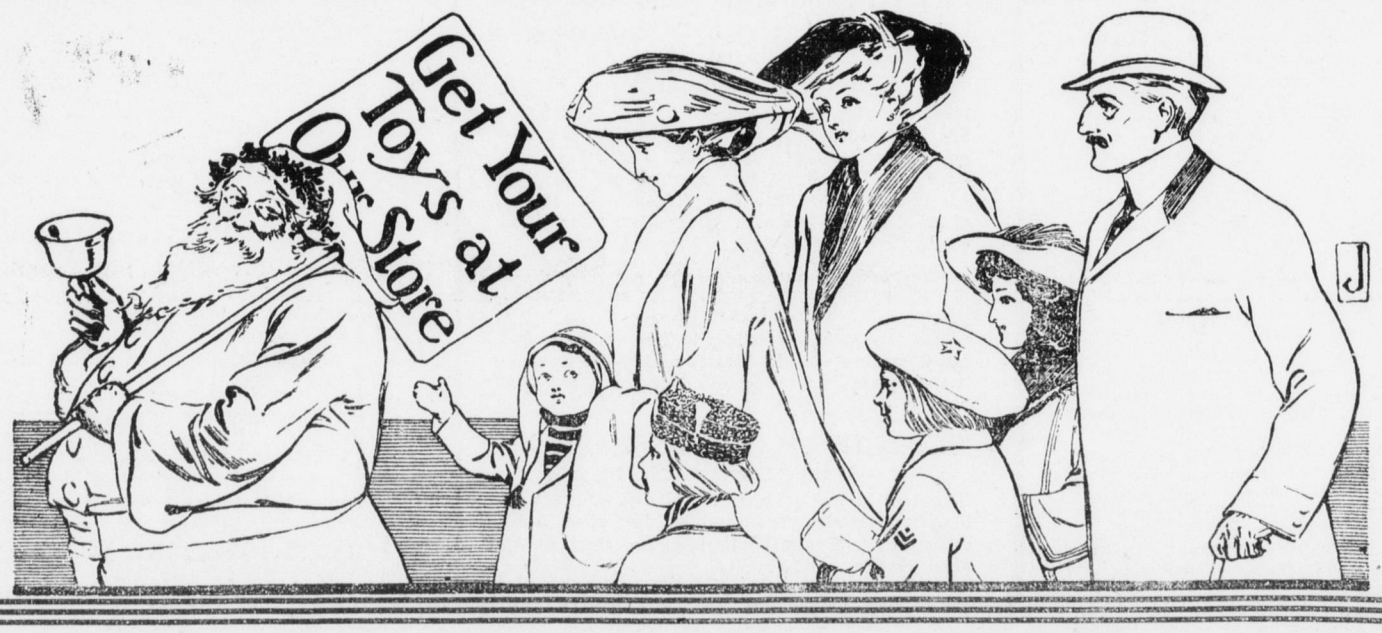
Emporium's most up-to date store.




### Free! Free!

**A prettily dressed Doll Free with every child's Coat from now till Christmas.**

**$25.00 New York Vacuum Carpet Cleaners, our cash price $22.50.**

## R.Kuehne

Cameron County's Largest and finest Store.

# Christmas Customs of Every Land Seen in Washington

By EDWARD B. CLARK

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CHRISTMAS PARTY OF PAN-AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE

WASHINGTON not only has a United States Christmas celebration but it has the festivities that mark the Christmas season in all the civilized nations of the world. At the Russian embassy there is a Christmas fete after the manner of the people in the land of the czar; there are French doings at the great European republic's official residence, and there is the genuine old English Christmas at the home of the British ambassador, and so one may go on through the entire list of foreign representatives, not even barring the embassies of China and Japan, where in honor of the day, as Christian nations view it, the oriental officials have holiday dinners.

The South American people make much of Christmas. It is the great feast day in all Latin-American countries and the ambassadors and attaches and their families do not forget the customs of their native lands simply because for a few seasons they have been transplanted to new scenes. The "open house" is the order of the day in nearly every official residence in Washington after the family has had its own intimate celebration of the holiday. Large families are the rule rather than the exception among the ambassadors and ministers from the southern European and from the Central and South American countries. The children have a gala time of it at home and then the visiting begins. The presents that are purchased and stored temporarily in the embassies are not all for the adults and children of the household. The probable visitors of the day are borne in mind and as a little Brazilian boy in Washington put it once: "I have had ten Christmases in ten hours."

CHINESE STUDENTS AT CHRISTMAS REUNION AT CHINESE LEGATION

Church going on Christmas day is the rule in Washington. Some persons have been unkind enough to say that all the American officials go to church on Christmas because the fact is very apt to get into the newspapers and "it reads well at home." The majority of the Central American and South American diplomats temporarily resident in Washington, are nominally at least good churchmen, and they attend service as a matter of training and as a matter of course. Practically all the women from the Latin-American countries are religiously devout, and with them church going on Christmas is a matter of duty that is not to be neglected under any circumstances. No child is allowed to miss church and the result is that all the capital city temples of worship are well filled on the feast day.

President Taft always has been a regular attendant at church and his service going since he became president establishes no precedent. Mrs. Taft and the children are Episcopalians, while the president is a Unitarian, and so it is that Sundays and other church days are the only days in the year that the family becomes in a sense divided. The president attends service at the Unitarian church of All Souls, of which the Rev. U. G. B. Pierce is the pastor. Mrs. Taft and the children are regular attendants at St. John's Episcopal church which in years past was attended by so many presidents of the United States that it came to be known semi-jocosely as "the Church of State." Mrs. Roosevelt and her children also attended St. John's on Sundays and Christmas days, while Mr. Roosevelt went to the little German Reformed church on Fifteenth street, and rarely missed a service.

This Christmas season the majority of the members of both houses of congress are in the capital city. Time was, and not so long ago, that senators and representatives took their families and went home to spend the holiday season, but now, for financial reasons, the national legislators in the main elect to stay in Washington for their holiday making. Prior to the passage of the last railroad rate bill most of the members of congress had passes on the railroads. Now they have to pay their way when they travel and for those who live at a distance from Washington this means a considerable expenditure of money in case they desire to go home at Christmas.

Every employe of the White House is given a Christmas turkey by the president. This is a custom of many years standing, and only once or twice has it been broken. The clerks in the departments, and there are many thousands of them, not only get a Christmas holiday, but are allowed to leave their work at noon on the day previous in order that they may do their Christmas shopping. The lot of the department clerk in Washington is not a hard one, as far as the matter of holidays is concerned. Every employe is given a month's leave on full pay in each year, and is allowed another month "to be sick in." This last statement means, of course, only that if an employe is ill he or she receives full pay for one month on receipt of the physician's certificate that the illness has been real. The clerks get seven or eight holidays each year, and these, taken in connection with the month's leave, and with the fact that the hours of work number only seven and a half each day, make the laboring condition of the department clerk fairly comfortable.

Washington's Christmas is always a green Christmas, even if there is snow on the ground, for in this latitude there are many trees and shrubs that hold their leaves and their color all through the year. As a matter of fact there is rarely any snow in the capital city that is worthy of the name. All last winter, save for a few hours, the streets were bare of snow. Then came March 4th, Inauguration day, and a record-making blizzard with a downfall of snow, hail and rain mixed. The holly is always green and so are the wild honeysuckle and the laurel, trees and plants that are abundant along the Potomac.

President Roosevelt was, as everyone knows, a nature lover. He took every opportunity that offered to get away from the city. His daily walks and rides took him far into the country, and on Christmas day during the last four years of his term of office he went to Pine Knot, a wooded, mountain country place that belonged to his wife. Mr. Roosevelt stayed in Washington until the festivities of the day were over and the children had a chance to take account of their presents, and then he left for the log cabin in Virginia where he could sit in front of a huge open fire with a genuine "old Christmas" back log. On these Christmas outings Mr. Roosevelt did a little rabbit shooting and tried to do some turkey shooting, but the major part of the day time he spent in the fields armed only with an opera glass, with which he studied the winter birds, always with an eye sharpened to the possibility of finding some species that was rare.

President Taft loves nature, too, in a way, but he is not much of a tramper excepting where the walk leads over the golf links on which he spends his holiday afternoons, Christmas included, for in Washington because of the comparative mildness of the climate, the game of golf is possible nearly every day in the year.

There are several hundred officers of the army and navy stationed in Washington, most of them being detailed for office work in the departments for a term of four years. The naval officers perhaps enjoy their holiday-making in the capital more than do their brothers of the army, for the sailors have been compelled to spend many Christmases at sea away from their wives and families, while here they may gather their families about them and not break any sea regulations in so doing. The army officer, whether he goes to the Philippines or to some distant frontier post, ordinarily takes his family with him and so Christmas day does not to him necessarily bring with it the sense of loneliness and homesickness that it brings to the man at sea.

In the biological survey, which is a bureau of the department of agriculture, there are many scientists at work. Most of these men have spent a large part of their lives in the wilds studying birds and mammals, and shells, plants and fishes, to say nothing of reptiles. The office life is irksome to these scientists. They belong to the free air, the barren plains, and the pine forests. So it is that on every holidy that brings with it a release from office cares, they take to the open fields. About the hills in many places about Washington on Christmas day there are to be seen the little camp fires of the scientists who are cooking their mid-day Christmas dinners under the open sky.

Some time ago all the bird students in the United States were asked, if they could, to make a trip afield on Christmas day and to make a list of the birds that they found. Thousands of bird lovers followed the suggestion and are still following it. Each one of the students turns in a report to a central headquarters giving the names of the birds that on Christmas day fell under his observation. As a result of this practice the Washington scientists have many valuable notes concerning "out of season" birds. For instance, the report came to Washington on a Christmas or two ago, that on the holiday four mocking birds were seen and positively identified in the fields near Boston, Mass. Other birds were reported from other northern localities, birds that in the ordinary course of things ought to have been far south of the Mason and Dixon line. So it is that a Washington Christmas day idea has been made to serve the ends of science.

SPANISH MINISTER AND SECRETARY STARTING ON ROUND OF CALLS

MISS KIYO TAKAHIRA, DAUGHTER OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

It has been said that in years past a great many of the senators and representatives in congress went home to spend the holidays, but that now the practice largely has passed. An exception should be made for the past, and the present, as well, in the cases of those senators and members who have in charge legislation which has been proposed in bill form at the opening of the session of congress. When bills are introduced they are at once referred to committees and if the measures are of importance the chairmen of the committees to which they have been sent, make a study of them in order that their merits and demerits may be determined. In some cases this means long and continued study and it is not at all an unusual thing to find a committee chairman giving over the joys of the home life on Christmas day to consult precedents and to formulate arguments to be used for or against some proposed legislation, and to find him doing this in the seclusion of a stuffy office room on Christmas day.

A good many Washington people, especially those who came here from the south, go over into Virginia to hunt on Christmas day. In parts of the Old Dominion fox hunting is still the order of the winter day, and if the fox is not in evidence there are always rabbits and quail, while on the lower Potomac and in the marshes along Chesapeake bay in open winters, the ducks and the geese are fairly abundant. The outdoor life appeals strongly to the southerner, and in many cases the northerners who have come to the Potomac country have formed the hunting habit and join the Christmas day outing parties of their southern cousins.

Christmas is the great holiday of Washington. From high to low the people make the most of it. There is good cheer everywhere evident and charity is not forgotten.

## AMERICA'S CHRISTMAS THE BEST OF ALL

An occasional Jersey commuter, familiar with the religious section of Barclay street, is commonly the only sort of American in New York who knows a presepio by sight. Yet the presepio is the sign of the Latin Christmas, as the fir tree is of the northern. The manger of the Barclay street windows shows only the inside of the stable, with the figures and the cattle done in Italian terra cotta. But the real presepio in its native land may show the whole countryside as well, and if the pilgrims wending their way to the manger are good Sicilian peasants, bearing good Sicilian wine and cheese on their donkeys, they are only the more interesting.

St. Francis, born in the quaint little town of Assisi among the brown Umbrian hills, in 1182, invented the presepio to make the Christmas story plain to the simple, illiterate common people. During the 800 years since it has remained a favorite devotion in Latin Europe. The Italian and Spanish call it the presepio, the manger; the French the creche, the cradle; and the Hungarians and Belgians, Betleim, or Bethlehem.

Only a few years since not a carpenter could be hired in Rome or Naples for weeks before Christmas. They were all busy erecting presepios in the homes of the quality, while the poorer folk were constructing their own. As the mainland grows more sophisticated the quaint old devotion is fading away; but in conservative Sicily people still make the presepio every year as they dress Christmas trees in New York. All over the island families are busy from December 1 to 15 putting their old presepios in order, or making new ones; and there is much calling to and fro to compare results and admire new and elaborate specimens of the art. The presepio may be a little thing on a stand in one corner, or it may occupy the whole side of a room.

It may represent a whole mountain side, made of the rough, flexible bark or the cork tree. Peaks, crags and precipices abound, with winding trails, houses and castles of colored cardboard, forests of twigs and sometimes tiny pipes to furnish brooks and lakes. In the center is the grotto, with the holy family within. A sky of blue paper is stretched above, with the Star of Bethlehem conspicuous, and over the hills come the shepherds bearing the gifts to the babe.

Spain, like Sicily, has never lost the presepio, and in both Spanish and Sicilian cities there are booths for the sale of miniature shepherds, magi and all the accessories of the art. In France the creche is not made at home, as in the southern countries, but it used to be a part of the Christmas decorations of every French church, and is still so in the rural districts. Many a polished cosmopolite of Paris can remember working busily for days before Christmas in his childhood to help freshen up and rejuvenate the creche of his parish church in some little village of France. In the villages close by Paris to-day children who go about the streets singing Christmas carols carry a little creche in a box upon their shoulders.

The manger typifies the difference between the Latin and the Teuton Christmas. The Latin Christmas is a purely religious festival, as much so as any other feast of the church. It has no particularly domestic or social quality. Italian children never get presents on Christmas day. That is done on All Souls' day, in October, when they believe—if they are very small—that the spirits of their departed relatives have come back in the night and left presents for them; undoubtedly a very ancient relic of ancestor worship. It is the great Teuton family of nations that give presents to children on Christmas day. And the Christmas tree came out of the vast forests where dwelt the heathen German and Scandinavian tribes. It is, in fact, a pagan relic, passed down from primitive forest dwellers and worshippers. Where Celt, Slav or Latin use it, they have borrowed it.

France, half Latin and half Celt, dashed with Gaul and Viking, is a family by herself in this, as in everything. She builds the manger in the churches, but at home, though she seldom dresses a Christmas tree, little Babette and Pierre set their shoes by the fireplace instead of hanging up their stockings. Pierre and Babette, if they are very small indeed, believe that "le petit Jesus" or "le petit Noel"—"the little Jesus" or "the little Christmas"—have brought the gifts. But the average French child is as sophisticated as young America, and Pierre has to be a very little boy indeed, to believe in "le petit Jesus." No French or Italian child ever hears of Santa Claus till he comes to America; by which it may be gathered that that good saint was strictly German, and when he emigrated, came to America like all the rest of the Germans.

The growth of the typical American Christmas, with its universal Christmas greens and present-giving, is a curious phenomenon. It has no roots in American history. The original settlers of New England never observed it. The Dutch of New Amsterdam scarcely noticed it, but made New Year's the great, joyous, popular festival. Within the memory of old people still living Christmas passed unobserved in New York, while all holiday merrymaking centered in New Year's day. Modern America has built up a Christmas festival of its own, and has rejected definitely the religious feast in favor of the social and domestic one. In one way, however, the American Christmas is more religious than any and all the Latin church feasts put together. One who has lived through a year's changing round of saints' days in Italy, in all of which no work is done and the people take holiday, will observe that the thought of the people never goes out to those in need. The abounding giving of an American Christmas; the uneasy, uncomfortable feeling that every child, at least, must have, if possible, a good dinner and a present on Christmas day, is quite unknown in the Latin countries.

The feeling that poor old bums and hoboes, even the criminals in their prisons, the paupers in their almshouses, the beggars, the unworthy—all ought to have something good to eat on that day, and a little Christmas cheer in some form—is part of the American Christmas.

The races that come to the melting pot of America keep their home Christmas for only a few years after they arrive. Then they drift off into a more or less Americanized Christmas.

For a few years after they come, also, they try to eat their traditional dishes at Christmas time. The Hungarian housemother makes the Christmas cakes which a long line of ancestral cooks made before her across seas. They are round balls of dough, covered with honey and poppy seed, and then baked. The Bohemians and Poles also make poppy seed cakes, each in a different style. The Sicilian housewife, too, has a traditional Christmas cake. It is a ring of dough with a hole in the middle—the Italian doughnut, in fact—which is fried, sprinkled with sugar and eaten hot.

# Merry Xmas

## On Friday, Dec. 17th

We will commence our Reduction Sale on all Millinery.

We are showing the finest and largest assortment of Handkerchiefs we have ever had. Price ranging from 5c to $1.75 each.

Fancy Scarfs in Crepe de Chine and Grenadines. The finest assortment to be found any place in town.

Our stock of Millinery is in good condition. We have lots of hats for both old and young.

If we do not have what you want we are prepared to make it for you.

Trimming and remodeling at remarkable low prices.

We keep in touch with all the newest things in Millinery.

**LUDLAMS**



## Christmas Gifts

Christmas announcements are now in order, so we extend to you our greetings and invite you to visit our store and see our remarkable line. You will find quality that will most agreeably surprise you and our prices cannot fail to meet with your approval.

**Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes**

# Jasper Harris,

**The People's Clothing House**

**Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.**


## SANTA AND THE LITTLE MOUSE.

By FRANCIS TAYLOR.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

One Christmas eve when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house
To fill the children's stockings there
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse.
"I thought you wouldn't mind

"If I should stay awake tonight
And watch you for awhile."
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink—
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict.
Your pardon I implore.
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho," laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high
And said: "Now put in one thing more.
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole.

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more,
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke,
"Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

## THE DEAR OLD TREE.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

There's a dear old tree, an evergreen tree,
And it blossoms once a year.
'Tis loaded with fruit from top to root,
And it brings to all good cheer.

For its blossoms bright are small candles white,
And its fruit is dolls and toys,
And they all are free for both you and me
If we're good little girls and boys.

### The Christmas Manger.

In France may be almost universally seen representations of the manger in which Christ was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by.

## THE CHEERFUL WAX CANDLE.

By ALICE LE BARON.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

ONCE upon a time two little candles lay side by side in a big box. Both were pure white.

Said one: "I wonder what will become of us. Do you think we could be meant for a Christmas tree? For you must know that to be put on a Christmas tree is the best possible thing that can happen to a candle.

"Of course not," said the other, who was cross. "If we are meant for a Christmas tree it will be for some shabby little children—see if it isn't."

"If we are," said the first, "I'll shine my very brightest, for the eyes of even poor children with only few pleasures in prospect are enough to rival little candles on Christmas eve."

"If we are," grumbled the second, "I am not sure that I will allow myself to be lighted at all."

Christmas eve drew nearer and nearer. Sure enough, the two little candles, with many others of blue and pink and yellow and red, were bought for a Christmas tree.

On the day before Christmas, while it still was daylight, some young girls came to arrange the presents and make the tree ready for the evening.

"Oh, what a lot of pretty little candles!" said one of them. "They are such lovely colors—all except those two white ones. We will put those out of sight, because the red and pink ones are prettier."

"Didn't I tell you what would happen?" said the cross little candle in a whisper.

"Yes, but wait," replied the other. "Just shine your brightest all the time."

"I won't," snapped the cross one.

When evening came, ranged all round the tree were happy boys and

"PUT IT ON THE VERY TIPTOP."

girls. Soon every bough on the great tree blossomed with little lights. Some of the flames were faint, but many were bright. When the little white candles were lighted the cross one just sputtered a minute and then went out. The other shone so brightly that a gentleman standing near said:

"Oh, what a brilliant candle! But it is almost out of sight among the green branches. We ought to put it where it can be seen better."

"Put it on the very tiptop," said a little lady.

And that is where they did put it—on the very tiptop of the tree, where it nodded and gleamed in answer to the smiling faces around it.

### The Barber's Joke.

Christmas morning and the barber very busy.

"I'd rather shave ten Germans than one American."

The rubicund brewer in the chair smiled broadly through the lather.

"Goot," he chuckled. "Dot vos right! But vy?"

The barber took a firmer hold upon his victim's nose as he replied:

"Ten Germans pay me a dollar and a half—one American only 15 cents.'

And you could have heard the thermometer drop.

### Popcorn!

"If Santa Claus has corns the same as grandpa," said a wee girl the other day. "I fink he'd be 'fraid to come down the chimney over a hot fire for fear his corns would pop."

### Santa Claus' Revenge.

Belated comes advice tonight
That, "without proper cause,"
Two foolish boys went on a strike
Against old Santa Claus.
They sent him written word that he
Must take two trips a year,
The first an early one to see
What children wanted here.
They said his work of late was bad.
They criticised his taste.
They said it made them very sad—
Those presents gone to waste!
They asked him why he thought a boy
Would want a Teddy bear.
They said it seemed he could employ
Much better judgment there.
They wrote him frankly what they thought:
A protest in each line.
They told him that they thought he ought
To sell out and resign.
They covered reams of paper then
To tell him what to do—
The how, the which, the what, the when
They carefully went through—
And then they told him what to bring
For each boy in their town.
And for themselves—"Oh, everything!"
Was just what they put down.
They thought the saint was far too old
To understand their scheme,
And each one bought a bag, to hold
Their presents, it would seem,
But when they woke on Xmas morn
With "Wha: did Santa bring?"
Why, just as sure as you are born,
He hadn't left a thing!

STACY E. BAKER.

## A CHRISTMAS AT CAPE HORN.

ONCE I had a shipmate who celebrated the most grateful Christmas of his life at the Horn.

It was on the Mary Ann, in December, 1897. She was a deep cut steel clipper, but she was a four masted bark, and four masted barks are all ugly in heavy seas. The best sea boat afloat will plunge at Cape Horn, but four masted barks are all the time under water. Sometimes they are swamped altogether and float waterlogged around the Horn. Then the current pushes them south to perish in the ice jam.

Some sailors can be likened to the four masted barks. They are the sailors who have been too long away from home. All sailors plunge liberally into shore life, but the "too long away from home" fellows are, as a rule, swamped in shore life's breakers.

One of my mates on the Mary Ann was Bob Jones, a typical "too long away from home" unfortunate. But Bob still had somebody dear to his heart. He had started on more than one trip around the world with the set determination that the end of the voyage should see him rejoin his own loved ones at home.

But on each day at the end of the trips his good resolutions had been broken. It had often gone so, and he was hitting rock bottom under the grim sugges ion of a left handed man.

Bob and I, with twelve other Yankees, Dutchmen and Swedes, were on the starboard watch under Chief Mate Dickson of the Mary Ann. When we went below on Christmas eve the sea was running high. Sleet and hail came down in the squalls. The western gale had trimmed our sails down to the lower topsails.

We had hardly fallen asleep when we heard the man at the wheel strike one bell. Before the signal for "all hands on deck" was answered forward Bob and I were out of our bunks and had our sea boots on.

"What's up now?" growled Bob, and he got his answer from Jimmy, the deck boy, who came rushing in without preliminary warning.

"Rise, rise, rise, sleepers! Weather ship for icebergs on the leeward bow. Rise, rise, rise!"

The watch on deck was already setting the fore staysail to head the vessel off the wind. She was running easy when we came on deck, and the storm spanker was hauled out to bring the vessel to the wind on the other tack. Bob was sent forward to furl the fore staysail. The rest of us went to the braces and pulled the yards in to starboard.

BOB AND THE ROPE DROPPED.

Then came the ugliest part of the job. Slowly the Mary Ann turned to face her foe again. But before she could head her bow against the mighty seas they broke over her from stem to stern.

Bob came aft from the staysail to join us just as we all jumped out of the way, for a big breaker came thundering over the weather rail.

The breaker caught Bob at the fore backstays. He jumped up and put his arm through the coils of the fore sheet, hanging in straps in the royal backstay.

The straps were rotten, and Bob and the coil sheet rope dropped and disappeared in the boiling deck waters.

The waters surged to leeward and carried a dark object with them.

The skipper threw a life buoy from the poop.

"Poor Bob!" said everybody to himself. It was all we could do for him. Bob was gone, and there seemed to be no help for it.

We had the Mary Ann snug at last. Our watch had still an hour more below, not long enough to make it worth while to crawl into our bunks, and we lighted our pipes, lay down on our chests and discussed poor Bob.

Bill, who was Bob's own chum, went to Bob's bunk and overhauled the things.

"It is enough to make anybody ripping mad to think of a rotton old strap chucking a poor fellow overboard," mused Bill. "Christmas night too. Say, boys, when we auction this stuff off we've got to show Bob up handsome to his friends."

It must be explained that when sailors die at sea their belongings are sold at auction to the crew. This custom serves a double purpose. It is easier to ship money halfway around the globe than to insure the safe delivery of an old wooden chest. A good sum of money is also more welcome to most heirs than a chestful of tarred rags. Besides, the sea auctions give the shipmates of the dead an opportunity to "raise his reputation" by adding generously to his account.

Everybody wanted to fill the Christmas stockings of poor Bob's folks. The chief mate, Dickson, good naturedly consented that the auction should be held then and there and came to the forecastle with pencil and paper to record the sales as fast as they were made.

"Here you are, boys—here you are! Get your money ready. The greatest Cape Horn sale ever held will now start," rasped the old chief. "First

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Is waiting for you in the shape of a nice set of crockery. We are now showing a splendid stock of good sound Crockery, every single piece warranted free from fault or blemish. The finest assortment in the county at reasonable prices.

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It corrects irregularities, strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood and tones up the whole system.

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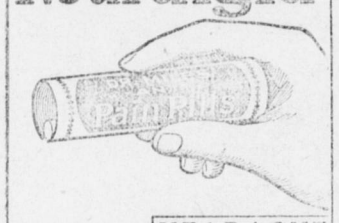

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*Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson*


# "Hark! Here Santa Comes!"

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

## The Gift.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

THE Christmas chimes are sounding
on the air,
And, as I sit and listen to their
sweet,
Unearthly music, gone is every care,
Forgot is all the turmoil of the street.
The troubles that the path of man beset,
The vast anxieties of human life,
All fade away, and every fond regret
Is lost in all their glad and joyous strife.

WHAT though I seem alone on
this fair day,
From happy comradeship
stand isolate,
With none to greet me as I walk my
way.
To merely live I count a happy fate—
To merely listen to those joyous sounds
That through the crisp of winter call
so free,
Although the merrymakers on their
rounds
Pause not to think of or remember
me.

IS'T not enough that on this Christ-
mas morn,
This glad birth morn of him whose
day it is,
My heart, but yesterday so sad, forlorn,
Doth open to the message that was
his?
Is't not enough to know that from
above
The tidings of a sacrifice divine
Come as a gift of an eternal love
That I have but to take to make it
mine?

The Christmas Prayer

## IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a merry Christmas
When there is lots of snow,
For then through my good shovel
Some golden coin I know.

And 'tis a merry Christmas
When not a flake is seen,
For Christmas to the Irish
Is merry when it's green.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## Why Saint Nicholas?

By ROBERT BONNELL.

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

WHY is Santa Claus sometimes called St. Nicholas? For the most excellent reason that Nicholas is the real name of the saint. Until comparatively recent years there was no Santa Claus at Christmas time. When the old saint comes down the chimney Dec. 24, Christmas eve, and deposits gifts for the children in the suspended stockings he is just nineteen days behind time, for his true and proper time is Dec. 5, that being the eve of St. Nicholas day. Just how Nicholas got to be the Christmas eve saint is not altogether clear, but those iconoclasts who dig into ancient matters are probing this secret. They have discovered, or claim to have discovered, that the Christmas eve Santa Claus really originated in America, being transported to England from New York.

In the saints' calendar Dec. 6 is St. Nicholas day. Nicholas was bishop of Myra, in Lycia. He is believed to have lived under the Emperors Diocletian and Constantine and is the patron saint of poor maidens, sailors, travelers, merchants and children. Rich maidens, of course, are also quite willing to acknowledge him when he comes along with diamond dog collars, necklaces and tiaras.

Before the great religious reformation the custom of giving presents on St. Nicholas eve was general throughout Christian Europe. When the worship of the saints was abolished the practice died out in England, where for about three centuries St. Nicholas failed to visit households on the evening of Dec. 5 to leave presents for good children. By the way, it should be pointed out that Nicholas was noted even in infancy as a particularly good and pious child. Therefore his visits are not made to bad children—only to those whose parents can vouch for their good behavior during the previous year.

In Austria, Holland and Poland St. Nicholas eve is still observed. Good children get presents, secretly left in their shoes placed upon the hearthstone for the purpose or in their stockings hung from the mantel. When New York was settled by Hollanders the devout Dutchmen brought over to America their religious customs, not forgetting that of St. Nicholas eve. In old New Amsterdam the saint made his visits the night of Dec. 5, St. Nicholas day being celebrated by the settlers as a holiday. In time the Dutch were supplanted by the English, New Amsterdam became New York, and the old St. Nicholas eve gift giving custom was reintroduced into England from New York. But in England the custom of giftmaking on Christmas eve had grown up. There was, however, no Santa Claus ceremony. Gifts were made outright and without secrecy.

When St. Nicholas sailed back to England there was consternation among fond papas and mammas in the tight little isle.

"What! Shall we have two days of gift giving and less than three weeks apart?" they cried.

Thrifty English parents, it is supposed, determined that one day of giving was enough, and so they simply transferred St. Nicholas to Christmas eve.

**Uncle Ezra Says:**

"Big thoughts may come to you while you are lyin' abed in the mornin', but big results won't come onless you jump out an' hustle for 'em."—Boston Herald.


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**Can always be depended upon.**

During the summer months children are subject to bowel disorders and should receive the most careful attention. As soon as any unnatural looseness of the bowels is noticed Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy should be given. Costs but 25 cents a bottle, and it is economy to always keep a bottle handy. You do not know when it may be needed, but when you do want it you want it badly. Get a bottle today.


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And a gun, to meet the present demand, must be shot about every minute.

For, last month, seventeen million meals were served of these new, enticing foods.

If your folks like what most folks like, they'll enjoy these gigantic grains.

Crisp and nut-like—four times as porous as bread. Grains that melt in the mouth.

There is nothing else to compare with them. No cereal food half so good.

When you try them, you'll be glad that we told you about them. And your folks will be glad.

Don't wait longer. Order one package. Submit it to a vote of your table.

**Puffed Wheat—10c** **Puffed Rice—15c**

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

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# A Christmas Announcement To Out-of-Town Customers

To bring the vast resources of Buffalo's Greatest Christmas Store before you in an unusual way and as an inducement for you to come and make this Merry, Merry Christmas Store your Holiday Shopping Headquarters, we offer the following liberal proposition which must be considered by all who read as being worthy of coming many miles to share.

## From Wednesday, Dec. 15th, To Saturday, Dec. 18th, Inc.

We will give every out-of-town customer who comes to our store and makes a total cash purchase of fifteen dollars ($15.00) a free choice of four $1.50 articles:

The list of articles will be changed each day. Wednesday's list follows:

**Any $1.50 Doll. Any $1.50 Waist. Any $1.50 Book. Any $1.50 Vase.**

To every out-of-town customer who comes to our store and makes a total cash purchase of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) we will give a free choice of four $2.50 articles. Wednesday's list follows:

**Any $2.50 Book. Any $2.50 Handkerchief. Any $2.50 Toy. Any $2.50 Vase.**

Selection must be made from the above articles.

Railroad Fares Refunded and Free Delivery within 100 miles of Buffalo as usual.

Before buying ask for an Out-of-Town Shopping Card at the Public Service Bureau and for list of free articles.

# Christmas in the Old Days and Now

By Rev. REGINALD H. STARR, D.D.

IN AUSTRIA CANDLES ARE SET IN THE WINDOWS.

KNECHT RUPRECHT WITH HIS JINGLING BELLS.

THE WASSAIL BOWL OF SWIMMING ROASTED APPLES.

ALL the world keeps Christmas day. From the land of the midnight sun to the sunny south of perpetual summer is a far cry. But in the long distance there is no land where Christmas is not kept. Its celebration is a part of the universal history of the human race. Whatever may have been its origin and whatever peculiarities may have gathered about it in its adaptation to different people and different circumstances, it is to us Americans to-day a practically national feast.

To keep it was at one time, and in our own part of the country, it is true, a penal offense. It was thought to savor of prelacy and to foster unpleasant memories of political servitude. But it has grown with our growth and the broad-mindedness of the American people is seen at its best in the hearty commemoration of the nativity of the Christ from year to year.

In some parts of the country, in fact, Christmas day bids fair to supplant Thanksgiving day, and it certainly may already claim an equality of recognition with the time-honored national festival of our New England forbears. People of every creed and every nationality within our borders delight to participate in the celebration of the Christmas feast, and many a scion of old-world stock finds himself back home again as the church bells peal and the candles glimmer on the Christmas trees. It is a time of universal peace and good will. It brightens homes, softens asperities and uplifts us as it brings "the light that never was on land or sea."

### The Origin Unknown.

The origin of the festival is said to be lost in antiquity. If, as held by many, it is a Christian feast grafted on to a pagan one, its history is age long. The actual institution of Christmas as the celebration of the nativity of Jesus Christ dates from the second century of the Christian era. St. Chrysostom says that it was observed from the beginning, according to western practice, from Thrace to the Straits of Gibraltar, and he calls it "the most venerable, the mother of all the rest."

But as to the time of the celebration there was a diversity of observance. The early Christian church naturally kept Easter as commemorative of the resurrection of Christ, which the apostles were especially chosen and instructed to proclaim, and the feast of Pentecost, which became the birthday of the church, came next in order. Then to these were added two others, the one commemorative of the baptism of Jesus Christ and the other of his birth. The first of these, the Epiphany, or Manifestation, came from the east to the west. The second, Christmas, or the nativity, came from the west to the east. The two were officially recognized and quite widely kept in both the east and west in the fourth century. In a sermon preached by the Golden-Mouthed in Antioch on December 25, A. D. 386, he speaks of the festival of Christmas as having first become known there 10 years before and on another occasion he invites his hearers to participate in its approaching observance.

But as to the reason for the selection of December 25 as Christmas day, first arrived at by the Hippolytes, there is much difference of opinion. It is held by some that the German name of the festival "Weihnacht," is a literal translation of the Hebrew "Chanuka," the Jewish festival of the purification of the temple by Judas Maccabeus, which begins on December 17, and that as the Passover and Pentecost were perpetuated in Easter and Whitsuntide, so the festival of the Purification has been preserved in Christmastide and the practice of burning candles on the Christmas trees has come from the old Hebrew feast.

### Early Festivals.

But the Purification can hardly be numbered among the greater and important festivals of the Hebrews and, as Schaff says, there is really no Old Testament feast corresponding to our Christmas. The weight of opinion as to the time of year chosen by the Christian church in the west lies in another and entirely different solution of the question and links the Christian observance to the ancient practice of the heathen world.

It must be remembered in this connection that the particular date was first fixed upon by the Roman branch of the church, and at that season of the year a series of pagan festivals occurred which were closely interwoven with the civil and social life of the Roman people. These festivals had an import which lent itself to the growth of the Christian faith, and they may have been spiritually adopted by the church in order to counteract their evil tendencies and at the same time advance the cause of the new religion.

The Saturnalia, for instance, represented the peaceful times of the golden age and abolished sharp distinctions between citizen and serf. But it was a time of wild and unholy revelry. Then the Brumalia—the feast of the shortest day, or winter solstice—was the commemoration of the birthday of the new sun about to return to the earth. It was the "dies natalis invicti solis." In the old mythology of the sun worshipers it was the birthday of Methras himself, and, in fact, the time of year when from unnumbered ages before the Christian era pagan Europe, in all its tribes and peoples, had celebrated its chief festival. So here we have the double truth of the golden age and the rebirth of the unconquered sun, as he breaks the power of darkness, refined and enriched in the Christian teaching of "peace on earth and good will to men," as coincident with the rising of the Sun of Righteousness in the birth into the world of the son of the peasant woman who was also the Son of God.

This view of Christmas accentuates the true place of the Christian religion in relation to the ancient and deep-seated religions which preceded it, and at the same time reveals a beauty of development in its culmination as the completed manifestation of God to man. In the infancy of the race the winter solstice was everywhere a season of rejoicing. No matter what the peculiar form which it assumed, it expressed the world joy of the time. So the very idea of the Child God which gives Christmas its meaning may not only have been foretold by sybil and seer and prophet, but prefigured by the infant gods of the Greek and Egyptian and Hindu and Buddhist forms of religion.

These to us imperfect an unsatisfactory conceptions of the Divine may have been the rude but honest efforts of the earlier days of the human race to group the idea of a God-man which has been made so real and so full of joy to us in the Nativity and the Epiphany of the Christ. In this sense the early church may have been wiser than she wot of. Her aim was to select the best features of the heathen feasts and embody them for their purification in Christian practices and sacred rites and to wean the converts from their old superstitions to the deeper and more real truths of the Christian faith.

But in so doing she may have been the unconscious instrument of a divinely guided evolution in religious practice and belief which has ennobled and enriched the world. The symbolism of our Christmas to-day certainly lends itself in many ways to this point of view. In the greenery with which we deck our houses and churches and in the gift-laden fir trees which gladden our children's hearts, we still retain the symbols by which our heathen forefathers signified their faith in the power of returning sun to clothe the earth with green and hang new fruit on the trees. The Christmas carol may be a new birth of the hymns of the Saturnalia. The holly and mistletoe came from the Druid worship. The banquet time itself may be a survival, purified and refined, of the original feast to the gods and goddesses of the fabled Olympus. The "Yule" of "Merrie England" is the old Teutonic name of the religious festival of the winter solstice, during which Celt and Roman could trace the movements of their deities as they walked abroad in the world.

### The Story Christmas Tells.

The Christian religion is not merely something built over the old ethnic religions as the church of St. Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome is built over the ruins of the old heathen temple of Minerva, or as the grove sacred to Adonis was planted by the order of the Emperor Hadrian over "the cave close to the village" which is now honored as the scene of the Saviour's birth. It had a larger and a deeper meaning. Christmas tells the story of a gradual but complete unfolding of the divine idea of religion as seen in the Christ Child, of its worship and its merry-making in its at once sacred and social feast.

The story is told simply but graphically by two of the four evangelists. St. Mark's gospel begins with the baptism of the Christ, so logically he had no need to tell the story of his birth and boyhood. St. John wrote near the close of the first century, and with the dominant idea of settnig forth the divinity of Christ in opposition to the prevailing gnosticism of the time. But St. Matthew, whose narrative bears traces of having been gleaned from Joseph and St. Luke, who probably got his information from Mary, have given us the story with a directness and a humanness which the grotesque and often meretricious wonder-tales of the apocryphal gospels have but served to accentuate as a dark background to a touching and reverent picture.

Around the story legends naturally gathered. It was the custom in early days to decorate in this way the graves of heroes and some of these legends are no doubt the offspring of the "vulgar tattle" of the apocryphal gospel stories. In some parts of the world the bees are said to sing on Christmas eve. The cattle kneel in honor of the manger-bed at Bethlehem. The sheep go in procession in commemoration of the angels' visit to the shepherds. The Indians creep through the winter woods of Canada to see the deer kneel and look up to the Great Spirit. In the German Alps the cattle are thought to have the gift of language, and the story is told of an Alpine farmer's servant who hid in the stable on Chrstmas eve and heard the horses talking about his own death, which followed a few days later.

### A Bosnian Legend.

There is a Bosnian legend that the sun leaps in the heavens and the stars dance around it. A great peace comes stealing down over mountain and forest. The rotten stumps stand straight and green on the hillside. The grass is beflowered with blossoms and the birds sing on the mountain tops in thanks to God. In Poland the heavens open and Jacob's ladder is set up between earth and sky. In Austria the candles are set in the window, that the Christ Child may not stumble when he comes to bless the home. In north Germany the tables are spread and the lights left burning for the Virgin Mary and her attending angel.

The English superstition is admirably voiced by the myriad-minded Shakespeare in "Hamlet:"

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Lord's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad.
The nights are wholesome. Then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

---

If a man will compliment his wife upon her youthful appearance and tell her that he loves her, she will forgive other white lies.

# Origin of the Oldest Christmas Hymn

IN EVERY Roman Catholic church and in probably ninety-and-nine out of every hundred Protestant churches throughout Christendom this is the season when is heard that grand old hymn whose tender and solemn strains find an echo in the universal human heart—"Adeste Fideles" (Come, All Ye Faithful). It is the anthem sung at high mass at Christmastide for centuries past, calling Christ's worshipers to Bethlehem, where the new-born Savior lies.

This naive and beautiful Latin anthem is more ancient than its history, and goes back six or seven centuries. Saint Bonaventura, an Italian monk of the thirteenth century, who died in Lyons, France, in 1274, is credited with the authorship of the beginning:

Adeste fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, Venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, Regem angelorum.

Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Oh, come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem.
See the new-born Saviour, king of all the angels.

Oh, come let us adore him,
Oh, come let us adore him,
Oh, come let us adore him, Christ, our Lord.

Saint Bonaventura was a Franciscan scholastic philosopher, and was surnamed "Doctor Seraphicus." His preserved writings are of a dogmatic or didactic nature exclusively, and this hymn is not to be found among them. Doubtless it is to be referred to the seraphic side of his genius and temperament. Its classic Latin cadences are of such lyric felicity that one cannot help but believe they were written to the noble and touching melody on whose wings they have floated to our time. Surely this is not too fantastic a suggestion, when it is remembered that the original Greek music of the Delphic hymn to Apollo is preserved intact, and that certain familiar phrases of the Gregorian chant, used to-day in the Roman mass, are identified by Hebrew historians as the same which were sung in Solomon's temple many centuries before the time of Christ.

The hymn "Adeste Fideles" is not known to have been used in England earlier than the seventeenth century. The musical setting, as we have it in modern notation, is ascribed by Novello to one John Reading, who was organist at Winchester cathedral from 1675 to 1681, and later at Winchester college. Its real origin is lost in the mists of antiquity which probably far antedates the middle ages and the Latin verses to which it has been inseparably wedded.

Word-language reaches but the one people or race to whom it is directly addressed. But the language of music is universal—it is "understanded of the people" instantly all the wide world over—it needs not to be written in choice Latin nor translated into many tongues—it is caught up from the heart and echoes on forever. That is why the "Adeste Fideles" has become the Christmas hymn of all the world.

## SOME IDEAS FOR DECORATIONS

### How to Make the Home Look Bright and Cheerful for the Holidays.

In massing holly for use on the Christmas table it repays one to wipe off the leaves with a cloth dipped in a very little olive oil, says the Housekeeper. Tall candles should light the feast and the holly leaves reflect the twinkling lights in a beautiful manner. If a chandelier hangs over the dining table a feature which will delight the children is to have a nosegay of artificial flowers suspended from the chandelier to within a foot of the table by means of a red ribbon. This bouquet should have the paper puff of the old-time fashion, and the bouquet itself will be found to be a shower bouquet, one small noseegay for each person, in the depths of which some trifling gift is hidden.

Snowballs of cotton, tightly wound with white ribbon, also conceal gifts most attractively, while the cheap but pretty little Santa Claus candy boxes, for sale at favor shops, are effective upon the Christmas table, and will hold quite a good-sized package, or, of course, may be used to hold the bonbons for which they are intended. For a luncheon or high tea during Christmas week, a beautiful table may be set by employing the use of green linen runners embroidered in white. A holly bell or a bunch of red carnations in a cut-glass vase will touch the center of the table to brilliancy and soft garlands of southern moss may lightly edge the linen runners, or doilies if they be used instead.

The colonial glass candlesticks are still in favor, and nothing is more attractive in a country house. With tall green or red tapers, a group of these candlesticks placed in a mass of holly as a centerpiece is both appropriate and beautiful.

A quaint little Christmas tree may be used as a centerpiece by procuring at the florist's a little "pepper plant," which has lovely green leaves and red berries. Wound with glittering tinsel and tied with candied fruits held in place with wee baby ribbons, or hung with little favors of French jewelry or articles of trifling worth, the little tree makes a centerpiece of charm.

## "THE PRINCE OF PEACE"

### His Wonderful Influence Continues and Widens Through the World.

All the old troublous questions of the origin and destination of the Galilee Carpenter have passed, notes a writer in Collier's. All the mediaeval worriment in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of him fade away, dogmas of his nature lose their charm. His gentleness has conquered. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the gleam that touched him spreads through the world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization, and makes it kindlier every generation. The touch of his hand is on the grief-stricken. Nurse, physician, and nun are the messengers of his teaching. The vestal fires burned out, but never the fires of his spirit, which answer each other from mountain-top to mountain-top across the continents. And deep in the heart of the people they make family life sweeter and ease the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as to-day—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds and names, men serve him. And however far we go in the conquest of nature, identifying the north pole, climbing the sky, prying open electrical forces, mapping out the subliminal, diminishing sin, disease, war, poverty, ignorance—always in the advance will be that gracious figure of the Sinless One, who showed Love as the rule of life. One Perfect Man—ardent and gentle—the race will never tire of him.

## BY SIZES

Some people expect so much more than others.—Life.

### Origin of Gift-Giving.

It is believed by many that our custom of giving gifts at Christmas comes from an old custom of priests putting on board of all outgoing ships a box of alms. This box was opened at Christmas-time, and masses said for the giving of alms, and it was called a "Christ Mass" box. From this has come our custom of giving boxes and gifts.

### The Man in the Moon.

Russian folk-lore tells that the man in the moon was one who was seeking the isle in which there is no death. At last, after traveling far, he found the longed-for haven and took up his abode in the moon. After a hundred years had passed, death called for him one Christmas eve and a fierce struggle ensued with the moon, who was victorious; and so the man stayed where he was.

# A Yuletide Reverie

The following poem is a most remarkable compilation of lines from the writings of various authors woven into a Christmas reverie. The author is said to be Mr. Arundel Evershed of London, England, who compiled it many years ago. The name of each auther is given.

| B. C. OUT OF DARKNESS | AUTHOR |
|---|---|
| A passing gleam called life is o'er us thrown, | Story |
| It glimmers like a meteor and is gone; | Rogers |
| What do we mortals by existence gain? | Coleridge |
| A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain. | Tapper |
| Who breathes must suffer and who thinks must mourn; | Pyron |
| The human race are sons of sorrow born; | Mallet |
| Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares, | Byron |
| Nursed with vain hope, and fed with doubtful fears. | Brandshaw |
| Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without, | Holmes |
| Yet who knows most, the more he knows to doubt, | Daniel |
| Nor is a true soul ever born for naught, | Lowell |
| Yet millions never think a noble thought. | Bailey |
| 'Tis not in mortals to command success, | Addison |
| And endless toil brings naught but bitterness; | Bryant |
| To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise, | Congreve |
| The flower that smiles to-day to-morrow dies. | Shelley |
| Alas, what stay is there in human state? | Dryden |
| Man yields to custom as he bows to fate; | Crabbe |
| Year chases year, decay pursues decay, | Dr. Johnson |
| Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day. | Lyte |
| **A. D. INTO LIGHT** | |
| Hail! Sacred dawn of glorious liberty! | Hemans |
| Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee, | Lyte |
| This day is born a savior, Christ the Lord, | J. Byron |
| And man redeemed to Paradise restored. | Herbert |
| Oh, holy trust! Oh, endless sense of rest! | Longfellow |
| Transcendent born to weary hearts oppressed; | Partridge |
| Enriching all the common things of life, | Lyttleson |
| Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife. | Ellerton |
| Hope springs eternal in the human breast, | Pope |
| And faith reveals a life divinely blest, | Montgomery |
| Good actions crown themselves with lasting days | Heath |
| And God fulfills Himself in many ways. | Tennyson |
| Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe, | Wilcox |
| And happiness oft comes from seeming woe. | Clark |
| Life's mysteries deep hid, elude our sight, | Wordsworth |
| One truth is clear, whatever is, is right. | Pope |
| Something remains for us to do or dare, | Longfellow |
| Emboldened Faith will counteract despair, | Macdonald |
| Life is not shadow but a promise given, | Havergal |
| Of change from woe to joy, from earth to Heaven. | Nicoll |

# When the Ember Blaze Again

By Byron Williams

BEFORE the fading embers of a grate fire, Parrish Morton sat alone. Outside, the snow was falling in nebulous, transcendent beauty, clinging to the coats of merry makers on their way to Christmas eve festivities and swathing all in a filmy scarf of white. Chimes of distant bells proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men," distilled their euphony across the glinting night—but Parrish, in the brooding shadows of his bachelor home, paid no heed. What did Christmas eve mean to him—to him whom the God of Plenty had given money and fame, the plaudits of his fellows, and all else loved by a man with but the frost-marks of time at his temple—and having given these, had passed to him the sparkling shell of the champagne of love only to dash it with a leer of derision at his feet? Of what use were the riches and the approval of the world? How could vain pomp and popular praise make up for the loss of that which every good man craves—love, a pure woman and the thousand incentives that have their awakening beside the towhead's crib and in that holy hour when tousled curls lay lightly on a father's breast?

And all the Christmas eves to come! How cheerless and how lonely they would be with Verona gone—Verona who had come to him from the death-bed of a strangely beautiful woman in New Mexico.

He was searching for color in the hills when he stumbled upon the scene—the stranded wagon in the foothills, the mother upon whose face was the pallor of death, the stunned, half-realizing child with the glorious golden hair and the lips like twin cherries. With her last breath the grief-stricken mother told brokenly of a husband who had died en route, of their efforts to make Los Vegas, how the son had gone on ahead for the doctor, and how in despair she had waited and waited his return. That night just as the great, pitiless black-

Their Lips Met in a Plighting Kiss.

ness threw its mourning robe across the canyon, the woman died!

How vividly it all came back to Parrish Morton now as he buried his face in his hands before the crackling embers of the lingering fire! How Verona clung to him in her terror and sobbed for her mother, sobbed for her father and her brother! Was ever a child so bereft, so desolate?

And he had taken her home with him and placed her in the hands of his capable housekeeper and as time passed and no record of her kin could be found, he had advanced her into his heart—into the most sacred corner of his great heart—and watched her grow into a beautiful maturity, a full blown rose of womanhood with eyes like the depths of quiet brooks and the face of an angel, with red lips ruddier still and tantalizingly sweet!

And then the blow fell! The realization that he loved her and that he, her protector, must preserve her against that love, for she was but 17 and he was 33, then—and he had promised her mother out in the New Mexican foothills that he would care for her and keep her from the pitfalls as best he could!

Ah, how lonely the place was when he had sent her away to school, to a distant school where he might not have to endure the pain of seeing her often—and how she had looked into his eyes at parting with the half pleading, half understanding eyes of a young rabbit suddenly met face to face in some leafstrewn hollow in the autumn woods!

He had kissed her in his old, paternal way and her heart aggrieved had sent subtle glances of bewilderment to flash and play within those orbs whose depths he dared not sound!

And to avoid meeting her, he had gone on a distant mission, kept himself aloof for two years, while absence made the heart grow fonder and the memory of her thrilled him as the soft caressing fingers of some sweet inamorata thrills the tremulous strings of her guitar! And now upon his return, she had written him that she had made plans for Christmas that might detain her at Sussex, but she wished him a very merry Christmas, wished that he might find his heart filled with joy at again being beneath the old roof-tree, wished that this Christmas might be the happiest of all the Christmases he had ever experienced, and lastly assured him that she was sending him a memento of the season, which she hoped he would cherish and love for her sake.

Parrish Morton repeated the words sadly: "For her sake! Ah, for her sake!"

If she but knew what he would do for her sake, were it possible! But, no, she was not for him. The violet and the cosmos are incongruous. Youth and late summer are not born to trip hand in hand across the fields Elysian into Agapemone.

The bell rang sharply. He heard Phipps' soft tread upon the stairs, and listened. Yes, it was she. There was no mistaking the rippling cadence of that sweet-throated bird of passage. Turning, he pressed a button and the room was sparkling with light. At the top of the stair he stood hesitating, striving to gain control of himself. At the foot, she paused, made him a mock "courtesy" and held out her arms:

"Oh, Par., dear old Par., I have brought you your Christmas present instead!"

The attitude, the look in her eyes, the irresistible enchantment of her beauty flooded him with impelling power. What did she mean? Was it herself she was offering? For a brief moment he stood swaying to the mighty impulse within him. Standing stupified there, he remembered, as she bounded toward him! He must not—he could not—

And then, as he was about to sweep aside all the positiveness of his duty, all the negatives and forbearances and give free impulse to his heart, there came a step behind her. She heard and turning as she was about to enter the yearning haven of his eager arms, cried:

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Morton, let me introduce Marshall Marriott. He—"

Suddenly the stairs went black before him. He realized now! She was bringing him a Christmas surprise, the man she loved, the—

Somehow he managed to greet the stalwart young fellow with the frank eyes. In a maze of conflicting pain and surprise he did the duties of a host, and when Verona and her escort had been shown to their rooms to dress, he slipped into the den and cast himself into the great arm chair before the pulseless coals of the fireplace.

"Lost! Lost!" kept ringing in his ears, and with a groan of anguish he once more buried his face in his hands and gave way to a man's grief. In vain he tried to reason with himself that it were better so. He should not have expected or even dared to think it might have been otherwise. He was too old for her. She was sunshine, he was the somber cloud—but, oh, how he loved her! And for the moment he had thought she meant to give herself. The misery of it all! The heartache of it!

Suddenly, behind him he heard a rustle, the frou-frou of a woman's gown, and over the side of his great chair a warm arm stole softly against his neck.

"Oh, Par., what is it, dear? What have I done? What—"

Instinctively in the darkness he felt the frightened rabbit look, the appealing gaze. Summoning all his reserve strength, he said, with scarcely a tremor in his voice:

"Nothing dear, nothing to offend. I am glad—glad—for you, if he is worthy. If—"

"If—if—he—is worthy—oh, you goose, I see it all now!" In a flash she threw her arms about his neck. Her face was close to his. How soft and warm and soothing her flesh was! "He—he is my brother, lost that day in the foothills of New Mexico. I—I have just found him. I—thought you would be glad—I wanted to surprise you—I—I—don't you want your Christmas present?" in desperation.

With a mighty heart throb he reached about and drew her to him. Tenderly, tremblingly he clasped his arms about her and as their lips met in a plighting kiss, a tiny flame springing as from the heart of an ash-covered sapphire, flamed up from the grate and sent the shadows scurrying. Phipps coming to announce dinner, stood transfixed. Then, a broad grin upon his face, he slipped softly away chortling to his inmost self:

"Lawd! Lawd! Dere sure am gwine t' be a weddin' in this yeah house afore another Christmas eve! Yas'ir!"

### A Quickly-Made Present.

Most women know what it is to be short of a present on the last day or so before Christmas. If one has plenty of money to go out and buy a gift this need cause little worry, otherwise quickly-made gifts are in order.

One that can be turned out in a few minutes is one of the new hairpin cases. This is made of the fiber that is used in women's artificial pompadours, only of a silvery white color.

### The Rose of Jericho.

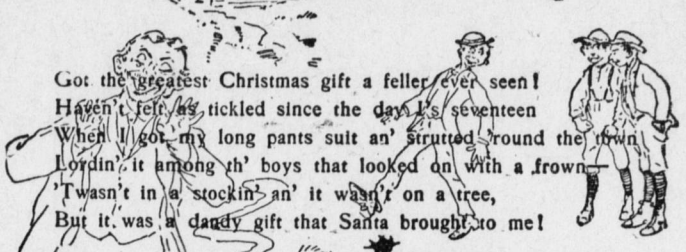
We are told that the rose of Jericho, which is also called Mary's rose, sprang up along the path of the Holy Family after they left Bethlehem, and blossomed brightly wherever they rested. This flower which bloomed at the birth of Christ showed its sympathy by closing at his crucifixion, only to open again at his resurrection.

### A Christmas Thought.

So may each year be happier than the last, and not one meanest brother or sister debarred of his share of the great Creator's good gifts!—Charles Dickens.

# What Santa Brought

By W. D. Nesbit



Got the greatest Christmas gift a feller ever seen!
Haven't felt as tickled since the day I's seventeen
When I got my long pants suit an' strutted 'round the town
Lordin' it among th' boys that looked on with a frown—
'Twasn't in a stockin' an' it wasn't on a tree,
But it was a dandy gift that Santa brought to me!

Give you twenty guesses an' you couldn't guess it right—
Bet you couldn't guess it if you tried from now to night!
Come on Christmas mornin' I was waitin' in the hall—
Couldn't shet my eyes in sleep since Christmas Eve at all.
Lord! I had the fidgets like I use' to long ago
When I'd watch for Santa in the boy-days, don't you know!

No, it wasn't slippers, nor an auto, nor a tie—
'Tisn't any jimcrack thing that you can go an' buy!
Ain't another like it in the whole endurin' earth!
What? Why, I can't tell you how much money it is worth!
Just the thing I wanted an' I simply want to say
It's the finest present ever come on Christmas day.

Doctor uptoed to me an' he says: "I wish you joy
It's a Christmas baby—you're the daddy of a boy!"
Now, ain't that a present! Can you beat it in your life?
Isn't this a Christmas Day for me an' boy an' wife?
Bet the angels left him when they come to sing again
In their joyful chorus tellin' of good will to men.

Pudgy-wudgy baby, just a roly-poly tike
With a way of lookin' right straight at you, lovin'-like—
Say! He held my finger in his little velvet hand
With a grip o' gladness—But how can you understand
If you ain't been through it you can't know just what I mean—
Got the greatest Christmas gift a feller ever seen!

# The Charm of Christmas

By Washington Irving

OF all the old festivals that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring; they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement; they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from the days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth—that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth, with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven, with its deep, delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of our landscape; the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. A season when heart calling unto heart.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and light up each countenance with a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? And, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, clasps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look around upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

# Christmas at Sea

By Admiral Bob Evans

"ON Christmas morning," said Admiral Evans (Fighting Bob), "I thank God that he made three times as much water as land.

"Every old seadog will join me in this. The sea is his home; he loves it as the farmer loves his broad acres. Apart from it he is restless and dissatisfied, but with a voyage ahead of him he is as happy as a clam at high tide. No true sailor would exchange Christmas at sea for one on shore. It would be like Thanksgiving dinner without the turkey.

"Of all the Christmases spent at sea the one that rises before me most vividly is that of 1865, when the federal army and the gunboat fleet were trying to capture Fort Fisher. The only presents we received, and they came fast and furious, were solid shot and shell from the guns of the enemy. But this didn't destroy our sense of humor. The boys would write on each solid shot or shell before placing it in the gun, 'presented by,' and add the name of the vessel from which it happened to be fired. Mighty few hurled at the fort that day lacked this Christmas greeting. All the gunners caught the spirit of the grim jest, for the fighting line is no place for serious faces.

"Despite the excitement of the fierce combat we managed to have the mastheads of all the ships trimmed with Christmas green, even though the sailors had to risk their lives in going ashore to get them, and you may be assured the sentiment of the day was not wasted.

"Last year Santa Claus followed our fleet of 16 vessels. He anticipated our 12,000-mile voyage and furnished us in advance with the pick of his best. On board the supply vessels when we sailed from Hampton roads were thousands of packages containing every imaginable Christmas gift, from a whisky flask to a smoking jacket, each package labeled, 'Don't open until Christmas.'

"Along with those gifts he sent thousands of yards of bunting to decorate the mastheads of the battleships. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than these ships lined up Christmas morning with the sailors breaking out the Christmas trimmings with as much zest as the small boy displays when he lights the candles on his Christmas tree.

"Then comes the opening of the Christmas packages. This is always a gala occasion. Not a man on board would dare ignore the instruction any more than he would think of disobeying his superior officer. It has become custom through years of faithful observance. Always a bottle of wine is broken in christening these tokens from the loved ones at home.

"If I hadn't been a lieutenant myself I wouldn't dare give away official secrets.

"Last year we practically had two Christmases. We received our first mail at Trinidad, West Indies, some time Christmas week and delayed Christmas mail reached us at Callao, when the vessels were approaching their own country on the western side.

"No nation provides more plentifully for the Christmas cheer of its sailors than does Uncle Sam. Each of the battleship crews has a dinner of roast turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin pie and all the trimmings which go with it. The men are served in messes of 20 at 12 a'clock and each man is allowed one snifter of grog as an appetizer, in celebration of the occasion.

"The officers dine at six o'clock, and, as is the custom when spending the holiday at sea, are guests of the commanding officer."

### Christmas Musings.

There are warmer hand-shakings on this night, wrote Alexander Smith, than during the bypast 12 months. Friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at this time than at any other. Poverty and scanty clothing, and fireless grates come home to the bosoms of the rich and they give of their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. Good feeling incarnates itself in plum pudding. The Master's word, "The poor ye have always with you," wear at this time a deep significance. For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men, sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire like me, when they remember the light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains 1,800 years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song, "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men," which for the first time hallowed the midnight air—pray for that strain's fulfilment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas eve, but the year round men shall be brethren, owning one Father in heaven.

# Xmas Display AT MEISEL'S

Our store is virtually filled with a line of beautiful imported and domestic baskets, all sizes and shapes filled with Candy, Fruit, Nuts or sold empty, from which you can choose a suitable gift for friend or relative.

These baskets were purchased direct from manufacturer for cash and are selling at about ONE-HALF REGULAR PRICE.

Here are a few of the many shapes:

**Autos, Airships, Swans, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Jewel, Handkerchief, Necktie and Glove baskets and boxes, beautifully padded and satin lined work baskets, etc. Our unusual line of candy boxes in Japanese wood, Leather, Glass, etc., and our magnificent display of Xmas sweets gives our store that Xmas air of good cheer. Basket and Boxes range in price from 15c to $4.00. Candies 10c per lb and up.**

Xmas Post Cards, Candles, Cigars in fancy boxes, holly and mistletoe. Make selections early

THE FAMOUS UTOPIAN CHOCOLATES CAN BE BOUGHT ONLY at OUR STORE

**"MEISEL'S CANDY KITCHEN"**



BIG DISPLAY AT

# C. B. Howard & Co's

**and they have Xmas Goods**

## Hosiery and Handkerchiefs

We have a complete stock to select from at prices and grades to suit purchaser. Hosiery in silk, lisle, wool and fleece lined for children and ladies.

Full line of plain linen and embroidered handkerchiefs and other novelties too numerous to mention.

## Candies, Nuts, Etc.

If you desire something fresh and nice, we have it, viz: English Walnuts, Soft Shelled Almonds, Mixed Nuts, all kinds, Mixed Candies, Clear Toys and Cream Chocolates.

## Fruits and Groceries

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Raisins and Figs, which are fresh and nice.

Our grocers in all lines is complete for Xmas.

All orders will receive prompt attention, by mail or phone.

Yours truly,

**C. B. HOWARD & CO.**


# Telephoning Santa Claus

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# Odd Christmas Cakes

**A GERMAN NOVELTY.**

GERMANY for many years has been the land of Christmas novelties, and each year the kaiser's ingenious toy, candy and cake makers devise some oddity which proves irresistible in luring small or great sums from the pockets of Yuletide shoppers. One of the latest manias is for quaint and humorous Christmas cakes, which are literally cartoons in sugar and dough. The cakes are decorated with all sorts of funny figures, made of colored sugar and in many instances are not the crude art

GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A SOLDIER SALUTING

products one would expect under the circumstances. The Bavarian peasant, for example, is a fair type of the living original as he is pictured in the German comic weeklies. A Munich waitress carrying a well frothed bunch of foam capped steins of the beverage for which Munich is celebrated at home and abroad, even if she does suggest Salome a trifle, is decidedly lifelike, while the saluting soldier by his very attitude suggests that foam capped steins and sentry duty do not assimilate very well.

The German authorities have done much to encourage the toy-making industry, particularly in all the toys from all the world that the emporiums might accumulate themselves with the wants and peculiarities of foreign markets. The wooden animals of the past have been eclipsed by the mechanical toys of the submarine boat which sinks into the water and rises again, all with one charge of soda powder; a diver which goes to the bottom and bobs up serenely when air is blown into him through a little tube, a Santos-Dumont airship which

GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A MUNICH WAITRESS.

really flies, a real Gatling gun with stairs for tin soldiers to go up, a railroad with full working equipment—

GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A BAVARIAN PEASANT.

these are among the mechanical toys of Sonneberg.

In short, Santa Claus in these times can find the means of gratifying the wishes of his most fastidious [illegible]


# A Wonderful Discovery for Pimples.

It is surprising how quickly and easily pimples and black-heads can be cured with the following prescription, which was made known to the public a short time ago by a celebrated special ist on skin diseases, now retired, who used it in a long and successful practice with wonderful results. To use his own words: "There is nothing yet discovered that can compare with it for promptly removing pimples, eczema, black heads, blotches, red face and nose, and in fact any disease of the skin; it also destroys the germ that causes the disease and makes the cure permanent." Following is the prescription, which can be prepared at any reliable Drug Store at a small cost: Clearola one-half ounce, Ether one ounce, Alcohol seven ounces. Mix, shake well and apply to the parts affected night and morning, letting it remain on the face for ten or fifteen minutes then it can be wiped off. Do not use any soap, use instead a little oat meal tied up in a cheese cloth bag.



# Women Suffer Agonies from Diseased Kidneys

**And Most Women Do This Not Knowing the Real Cause of their Condition**

These poor, suffering women have been led to believe that their misery of mind and body is entirely due to "ills of their sex." Usually the kidneys and bladder are responsible—or largely so. And in such cases, the kidneys and bladder are the organs, that need and must have attention.

Those torturing, enervating sick headaches, dragging pains in back, groin and limbs, bloating and swelling of the extremities, extreme nervousness or hysteria, listlessness and constant tired, worn-out feeling—are almost certain symptoms of disordered and diseased kidneys, bladder and liver.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have, in thousands of cases, been demonstrated as remarkably beneficial in all such conditions of female organism—affording the most prompt relief and permanent benefit.

As an illustration of what these Pills will do, Mrs. P. M. Bray of Columbus, Ga., writes that she was very ill with kidney trouble, and that she is now well—and that these Pills are what cured her.

They are very pleasant to take, and can in no case, produce any deleterious effects upon the system—as syrupy, alcoholic, liquid preparations are apt to do.

E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill., want every man and woman who have the least suspicion that they are afflicted with kidney and bladder diseases to at once write them, and a trial box of these Pills will be sent free by return mail postpaid. Do it to-day.

Sold by all Druggists.



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To be sure of *pure* ice cream, make it at home. To make it easily and quickly; rich, smooth and velvety, use the Lightning Freezer.

No fly can get through through the window or door screens we sell.

Window screens 25c to 85c.

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Wire cloth, spring hinges and all accessories for the fly weather. Keep the nasty flies out of the house. They carry the germs of disease.

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Keep the lawn mmed and looking nice with one of our good lawn mowers $3.75 to $16.00.

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A

CHRISTMAS GIFT

That Changes the Youth's Viewpoint of the Future

G

Parents who have their children's best interest at heart spend much effort and thought in hunting for the ideal Christmas gift--for a serviceable and suitable present.

I

One of our Home Savings Banks with a bank book in the Savings Department.

WE LOAN YOU THE BANK,
CARRY THE KEY,
GIVE YOU A BANK BOOK,
ADD THE INTEREST.

F

There's no gift as suitable and generally profitable for the boy or girl as a savings account, a gift that will change the youth's viewpoint of the future.

T

Make the decision now and start a savings account with this good bank for each of your children and present them with the bank and book on Christmas morning. $1.00 starts the account and loans you the bank.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

EMPORIUM, PA.

1884 1909


# Christmas on the Stage

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

## Seeing Santa Claus

By LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

I.

EARL (to Ruth)--Oh, I just wish we could see him.

Fred—See whom?

Ruth—Why, Santa Claus. Earl and I have just been talking about him, and we were wishing we could get a peep at him once.

Gladys—Oh, I wouldn't like to!

Dorothy—Harry and I tried it last year. We came down and hid in the front hall, but papa found us and sent us to bed.

Fred (after thinking awhile)—I've thought of something. Santa Claus wouldn't come in if he should spy us, but if he thought we were not real children he might. Couldn't we fool

"SANTA WOULDN'T COME IN IF HE SHOULD SPY US."

him by making believe we were Mother Goose children right out of the book?

Dorothy—How could we do that?

Fred—We could dress like them and then stand perfectly still as if we were made of wax or something, just the way you do in a tableau, you know. He might think it was some kind of a show of wax figures.

Earl—Oh, my! I couldn't keep as still as that.

Harry—You could if you really wanted to see Santa Claus.

Earl—Oh, I will! I will! See me! (Poses.)

Gladys—Will we have to stand so very long?

Fred—Oh, not very, very long! We must all be ready before 12 o'clock. We must dress like Mother Goose children, and I'll fix you in your places. I'll be Boy Blue. We can find some dress-up clothes in the attic.

Harry—I think I'll be Jack Horner. I can have a pie.

Dorothy—I want to be Bopeep. A cane with a hook handle will do for a crook.

Gladys—May I be Miss Muffet?

Earl—What can Ruth and I be?

Fred—You might be Jack and Jill and carry a pail of water. An empty pail will do. Now let's be off and see what we can find. Then we'll go to bed, and I'll lie awake, and after papa and mamma go upstairs I'll call you, and we'll come down very softly. (Exeunt.)

II.

(Children come tiptoeing in in costume, stockings in hand.)

Fred—Now, we'll hang our stockings first. (All hang them.) Then we'll get into place. Bopeep, you stand here. Hold your crook so. Miss Muffet, you must sit on this footstool, and you must be eating. Put your spoon to your lips, so. Jack Horner, get into that corner and hold up your thumb with the plum on it. Jack and Jill, stand over here and take the pail between you. I will stand here and hold my horn to my mouth, so. Now, we mustn't move our eyes. It's getting late. Now, all ready! (All pose.)

Ruth (after awhile)—Oh, dear! This pail is so heavy even if it is empty.

All—Sh!

Gladys (after awhile)—How my arm aches!

All—Sh!

(Earl yawns aloud.)

All—Sh!

Harry—My thumb is tired of standing up.

Dorothy—I'm—so—sleepy (yawning).

All—Sh!

(Jack Horner's hand drops, then his head. Bopeep drops crook and leans against wall. Jill lets go of pail and slides to floor. Jack soon does the same. Miss Muffet's head drops forward. Boy Blue's eyes close and horn falls. This rouses him for a moment, but his eyes soon close again, and he leans against the wall.)

Enter Santa Claus. (All fast asleep.)

Santa Claus—Ah! Well, well, well! Some of the children of my old friend, Mother Goose. But what are they doing here? (Walks about and looks at them closely.) Aha! I know these children. They're not Mother Goose's family. Aha! I see what they are up to. They're waiting to see me, and they don't want me to know them. But they can't fool this old fellow. Just as if he didn't know every child in the world. I've found children waiting for me many a time, but they always fall asleep and miss me. I'll fill the stockings, and won't they be surprised when they wake up and find they've missed me after all. (Fills stockings, then puts toy or candy into Miss Muffet's bowl and into Jack and Jill's pail.) Now I must be off. But I believe I'll try that horn of Boy Blue's once. (Blows and runs off, dropping horn near door. Children rouse up a little at sound, then fall back into former position.)

III.

Morning.—Fred (rousing)—Oh, I say! Wake up! What are you all asleep for?

Harry—Who's been asleep?

Dorothy (rubbing eyes)—Not I.

Gladys—I—was—almost—asleep.

Earl (yawning)—Did—he—come?

Ruth (almost crying)—I was so sleepy. Did you all see him?

Others—Oh, no, no!

Fred—Well, I'm afraid we were all asleep. But I heard him. He blew on a big horn.

Harry and Dorothy—I heard him.

Gladys—And there's your horn, Fred, over by the door. He blew on that.

Ruth—See what's in our pail! (Holding it up.)

Gladys—And in my bowl!

Harry—And see the stockings!

All—Oh, oh, oh! (All run to get the stockings.)

Dorothy—Oh, why couldn't we have kept awake?

Fred—Well, we've missed him this time sure. But next year we'll try it again, and we'll all keep awake.

All—Yes, indeed, we will.


Better Than Meat Or Eggs

All who once try Beardsley's Shredded Codfish like it better than meat or eggs.

Some like it so well that they crave it. They could eat it three times a day. And all are hungry to have it at least once every week.

For its luscious flavor is something no one can ever forget.

And people can have this fine sea food in dozens of different ways. Each way new and tempting. Each bringing out a new taste.

No wonder all find it a welcome change from the usual breakfast or luncheon fare.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

A Meal For 10 Cents

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is more strengthening and nourishing than any other food you could put on the table.

It contains 22 per cent protein. Sirloin steak only 17 per cent. Eggs only 12½.

And see what you save by serving it. Each package makes a full meal for five. Yet the cost is only 10 cents. Meat or eggs for five would cost three or four times as much.

THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

A Meal Without Bother

This delicious fish means a meal without bother or trouble. It is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

And the meat is so light and fluffy and dainty that it cooks almost the minute it is reached by heat.

If this food is all that we say it is, surely you want to try it.

Why not serve it tomorrow—"Fish-day." Then let your folks decide how often they want it thereafter.

In ordering, please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For Beardsley's is the only shredded Codfish. Our process is patented.

Free Book of Recipes

Ask your grocer for our book of new recipes. It means pleasing variety in meals.

Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

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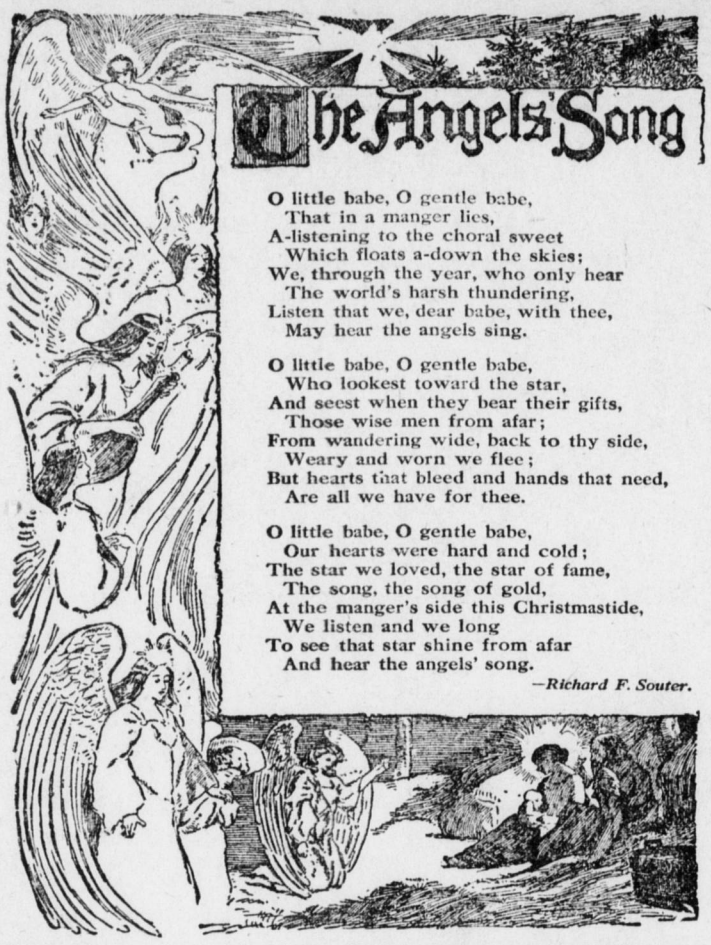



O little babe, O gentle babe,
That in a manger lies,
A-listening to the choral sweet
Which floats a-down the skies;
We, through the year, who only hear
The world's harsh thundering,
Listen that we, dear babe, with thee,
May hear the angels sing.

O little babe, O gentle babe,
Who lookest toward the star,
And seest when they bear their gifts,
Those wise men from afar;
From wandering wide, back to thy side,
Weary and worn we flee;
But hearts that bleed and hands that need,
Are all we have for thee.

O little babe, O gentle babe,
Our hearts were hard and cold;
The star we loved, the star of fame,
The song, the song of gold,
At the manger's side this Christmastide,
We listen and we long
To see that star shine from afar
And hear the angels' song.

—*Richard F. Souter.*

# NO STAR TO GUIDE

THE POSSIBILITY THAT ESCAPED THE WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM.

Some Name Might Have Rang Through All Ages Had She But Known the Spirit of Christmas Hospitality.

THE child born in the stable of Bethlehem, "because there was no room for them in the inn," was heralded by angels to the shepherds and by a star to the wise men; but no voice told the mothers of Bethlehem of the wonder which was happening in their town that night.

Suppose some gentle woman had met Joseph and Mary on that Wonderful Day, as they entered the town, and had said to them: "Our streets are full of homeless strangers. Come you and bide with me!" By that simple act of hospitality, her name would have been written high, high among the names of earth's happiest folk. "Blessed is she," we should have cried, "to whose home the Christmas joy first came!" But the women of the Judean town did not know to throw wide their doors and bring in the world's gratitude and love, says the Youth's Companion. So the Child was laid in a manger, and oblivion holds the names of all the women in Bethlehem who slept that night beneath the wings of wondering angels. Had they but known!

Year by year, for 19 centuries the story of the night at Bethlehem has been told and retold. To-day no household in Christendom, in town or village or on distant prairie can plead the ignorance in which Bethlehem then lay. If the door is shut on the Christ-child to-day, it is not from lack of knowledge, but from churlishness or indifference.

The Christmas spirit speaks in many voices. The sprig of holly or the plum pudding, the tree laden with gifts or the cheer for the lonely—these are all the world's way of saying to the Mother and the Holy Child, "Abide with us!"

Barred out alike from cottage and palace and inn in Palestine, the Hope of the World renews his appeal each Christmas-tide to our modern Christian world. By the very pathos of the first Christmas, the heart is softened and prepared to give him welcome. To-day there is no heralding angel or guiding star.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

### Santa Claus Abroad.

It is strange to contemplate the great variety of forms the Santa Claus custom assumes in different countries. In Belgium the little ones fill their shoes with carrots and oats and hay for the white horse St. Nicholas is supposed to drive. Very early in the morning they run to the room in which their shoes have been left and find that the provender has gone and in its place candies and presents are found.

Among the Carpathian mountains it is St. Peter, who, dressed as a bishop, and accompanied by the dreadful Ruprecht, is expected by the children on Christmas eve. The visitor first delivers a short sermon, lays on the table a rod whitened with chalk, and takes his departure with his tinkling bells, while Ruprecht follows close behind. The children now hasten to pull off their shoes, polish them and tie them together; and, as soon as the last notes of Niklo's bells have become lost in the distance they run into the garden and secrete their shoes beneath a bush. They spend the time until 10 o'clock in relating stories, then go to their shoes, to find them filled with apples, nuts and goodies.

## Christmas Carol

By Phillips Brooks

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snow-flakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest trod,
This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

## THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS

In Retrospect Grandfather Pictures Yuletide Journeys of Many Years Ago.

All the year long we have been traveling toward Christmas—I and my old wife, our children and our grandchildren—not all by the same road, not all with the same expectations, but all looking out alike for the first glimpse of its smoke rising above the wintry landscape of the year. Now we can almost fancy that we hear the chiming of the famous bells—all Christmas towns are famous for their bells—and we know that we shall soon be at our inn.

If life be a journey, and each year a stage upon the road, I do not know where else a sensible man would stop for the recruiting of his health than the fine old Christmas towns. There, if anywhere, men are to be found living together merrily; the inns are warm, the cheer is good, the amusements are of the heartiest, and the society is of the best. I have been through many a Christmas town—for I have traveled far—and have rested thoroughly in each. I never found two of them alike. Of late they have been much grayer and quieter than they used formerly to be; but I do not think that I have been less happy of the quiet towns at which I have of late years resided. Let me confess so much. As for these about me who declare them to be not quiet by any means, but perfectly uproarious with jollity, I do not interfere with their opinion. Children so easily deceive themselves; it is enough for me that I am old enough to see things as they are.

### The First Christmas Tree.

"It's the Germans who brought the Christmas tree to America," the German said. "Didn't you know that? The duke of Hesse sold a regiment, called 'The Hessians,' after him, to fight the Americans. They got so drunk over their first Christmas tree here away from home that Washington captured them, and that started the fashion of Christmas trees in America. It's history."

# *Tom's Best Christmas*

*By Archie P. McKishnie*

Copyright by the Author

Tom Lawrence shook his fist under the grocery keeper's nose.

"You try and stop me and I'll fix you," he threatened, "even if I have to do time for it. You trying to hold a fellow away from his people this way, and it Christmas Eve, too. Why, the old man and the old woman will be right glad to see their little boy again."

He laughed wheezingly and leaned weakly against the counter.

"You can't keep me from feeding on the fatted calf, Josh. I'm going to walk in on the old folks to-night, just like the wild, wayward sons you read about do. You never hear of them getting the cold hand, do you?"

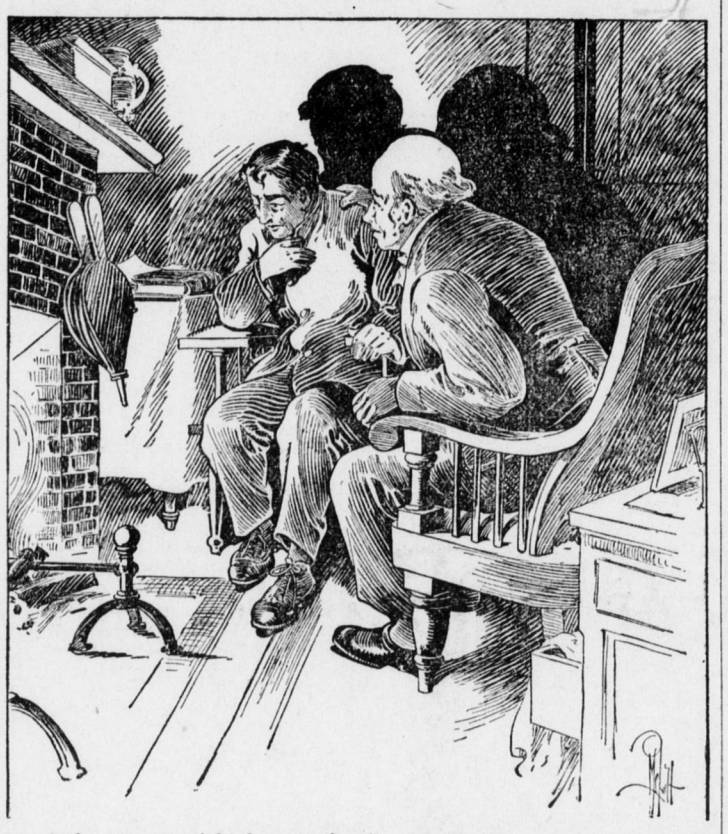
A fit of coughing choked the laughter from his voice, and when he lifted his face it was gray-white beneath the lamplight.

The big grocer laid aside the package he was tying, and walked around the counter.

"Come here, Tommie," he said, opening the door of the inner room.

The young man slouched forward obediently.

"Say, Josh," he whined, "cut it out, I'm tired of being preached to. Won't you get me a little whisky, just one drink?" he pleaded. "See, I'm all broke up, and I'm going home to-night. Six years of the life I've led wears one, Josh, wear one right down to the heart and soul, and this cough—"



He sank down on a seat before the fire, his slim fingers gripping his chest.

"Sit there and get good and warm. I'll be back in a minute." The grocer slipped out, locked the door after him, and went behind the counter. Customers had come in and were waiting to be attended to.

The grocer drew a tall young man to one side.

"Jim," he said, "I want you to help me out. Go behind and serve them customers. I don't care if you haven't never sold groceries; do your best. Don't be particular about weights. Give everybody Christmas measure. I've got to stay away for a spell, 'cause—"

He whispered something in the young man's ear. His hearer started.

"Why, they think—" he commenced; but the grocer laid a big hand on his arm.

"I know what they think; and, whateyer you do, keep what I've told you to yourself. I don't know what to do, but I'll find out a way. When they come, call me. I'll be in here."

Lawrence lifted his white face from his hands as the grocer entered.

"Have you got it?" he questioned eagerly. The big man sat down, facing him.

"I want to have a little chat with you, Tommie," he said, gently. "You remember when you were a youngster at home here, how we used to chat together and have a mighty good time of it, don't you?"

His hearer made a grimace. "I want a drink," he said, shortly.

"You remember how you used to come down for the mail, Tommie, and I'd have you come in and help sort the letters?"

An expression that was almost a smile dawned slowly across the boy's haggard face. "I remember we used to imitate one another's handwriting, Josh," he said, slowly.

"Yes, and I got at last so's I could write just like you, Tommie. Remember you used to tell me you could almost believe it was your own writin'?"

"I remember, Josh. Go on. There's something behind all this. I'm waiting to hear it." "When you got into trouble over at Maxton's and—"

"And skipped. Yes. Well, go on, can't you?"

"Well, somehow, the matter was hushed up and kept from your old folks. Maxton never said anythin', and we gave your pa and ma to understand you'd got a big position out west. I'm afraid I wrote 'em a letter from you, Tommie, tellin' 'em all about it and askin' forgiveness for not biddin' 'em good-by." The other nodded his head on his breast.

"You were always a big-hearted fool, Josh," he said, hoarsely. "I can't understand why you won't get me a little whisky."

"I remember their faces when they read that letter," said the grocer, heaving a big chunk on the fire. "I remember how glad they both was. Your ma said you'd be writin' again soon and let them know how you liked it. Well, you did." "I wrote again, did I?" "Yep, you wrote every week you've been away, and that's how long—let's see?" "Six years ago, day after to-morrow, Josh."

"You sent some money home, too," continued the big man, after an interval of silence. "Quite a little bit of money. Fifty dollars once, and a ten-spot every now and again." The speaker laughed queerly, his face working. "Only last night they got a letter from you, Tommie, with $50 in it. Christmas box, I think you called it." Something like a sob came from the bowed figure.

"Your pa most always read your letters to the neighbors. They're right glad you're doing so well. Every Christmas Eve your ma and him come over here and buy a Christmas turkey with the money you send them—I always have a laugh at your pa. "I'll eat Tommie's share," he says. " 'Cause it's next best thing to havin' him home. We're right proud of our Tommie,' he always ends. They've been writing you, too, every week regular. I read all their letters, 'cause I have to in order to know how to answer them. They got a letter from you last night with their Christmas money in it, and they've answered it already. Here's their letter with your address on it. Maybe you'd like to read it?"

The young man reached out a shaking hand for the letter. The other watched his face as he read. When a tear fell with a splash on the cramped writing, the grocer spoke again.

"You can send me to jail for doin' what I've done, Tommie. In one way it was wrong, very wrong. I've been guilty of openin' letters."

The other held up a thin hand as though to ward off a blow. Then he rose weakly and came over to the big man.

"Josh, old Josh," he spoke tremblingly. "You've been—you—are—Oh, I'll make it all up to you some day," he broke out, lifting his head. "I'm going to be a man. I know I'm not fit to go to them now. I've been drunk for days! But promise me you will take me to them soon, Josh."

"Day after to-morrow night is the anniversary of your goin' away. We'll go then," promised the grocer with a big smile. He took the boy's hand. "I'm goin' now. You just lie down on the sofa here. You'll stay at my place until after Christmas. He moved toward the door. Then he turned. "Shall I fetch you anythin'?" he asked gently.

"Nothing," answered the young man, smiling. "I'm perfectly satisfied, Josh."

An hour later the grocer carried an armful of groceries and threw them into the back of the sleigh. "Merry Christmas to you both, Mrs. Lawrence," he cried, tucking the robes about the old couple. The old man chuckled, and the old lady glancing about her fearfully, bent forward, hesitated, bent forward again, and kissed the big man on his broad forehead.

"God bless you," she said, gladly. "God bless you for sendin' for our Tommie. I'm right glad you think him so smart." The grocer laughed awkwardly.

"Yep, Tommie's goin' to work for me," he called. And with his heart in harmony with the jingling bells, he passed into his store.

### A Christmas Cynic.

A woman's idea of doing charity work is to get somebody else to give the money for it.

It's very annoying to a girl to meet a man she likes when the color of the feathers on her hat doesn't harmonize with his cravat.—New York Press.

Far to the eastward there shone a new star.....

IIII

One thousand nine hundred and nine years ago, in the days of the mighty Herod, there lay upon a hillside not far from Bethlehem, one Ben Joseph, the shepherd, son of Joseph of Jeffa. Ben Joseph was almost 18 now, and had been a shepherd nearly as long as he could remember. Practically all his life he had strolled over the hillsides with his charges throughout the days, and when night had come had laid himself down to sleep among them with a sheepskin for his couch and a sheepskin for his mantle. And in those long years of loneliness he had grown strong of body and wild of spirit, knowing little of faith, hope or charity and caring less; believing only in the law of recompense and that an eye was fair exchange for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Now while Ben Joseph was silent and rather surly of face, he was only inclined to be wicked when aroused. At those times, however, he was apt to be as savage and merciless as a wolf, for it was then that the blood lust burned hot in his throat. And it happened that upon the day of which we are speaking he was nursing a great rage, for while he had been sleeping a few nights before some enemy had crept into his flock and cut the throats of three of his finest ewes. And this deed meant that very bad times were in store for Ben Joseph indeed, for when his master came to count the sheep and found the three missing, Ben Joseph knew that he would be beaten with a staff until he could scarcely hobble, and even worse than that, he would be charged with their value; a sum which it would take him months of watching to repay. And, furthermore, he knew who had committed the dastardly crime. It was none other than Ben Hadad, who herded his flock in the hills to the westward and with whom Ben Joseph had quarreled and fought a year before, and who now had come prowling across hill and valley in the dark of the moon for his revenge, and that Ben Joseph might be soundly beaten in payment for the whipping which he himself had received. In his haste the marauder had dropped the red stone which he always wore as a charm, and Ben Joseph picking it up among the dead sheep had instantly known to whom it belonged. Muttering he had sworn to himself that he should have his revenge.

And on this night he was formulating his plans. If Ben Hadad could creep upon him in the middle of the night and kill his sheep, then certainly he could creep upon Ben Hadad and kill him. Clearly he felt that it was the only thing to do, and arising in the early darkness he felt of the edge of his knife and finding it plenty keen enough he seized his crook and went loping off among the hills towards where he knew his enemy could be found. It was a long journey, but he traveled fast, and when midnight had come he had marked the fold, while near by it in his rough shelter of skins he could hear the steady breathing of the unsuspicious man whom he sought. And at that token of the other's helplessness his eyes took on the glitter of a wild beast's, and with his knife held firmly he crept onward to where the sleeping one lay behind his screen.

Beneath the starlight he saw the recumbent form lying still and defenseless, and with a last wriggle and leap he landed fairly upon it, the fingers of one hand fastened in the throat and his blade held high.

"I have come to kill you, Ben Hadad," he said coldly. The man beneath him shook like a wind-thrummed reed.

"Why should you wish to kill me? I have never done you wrong and you once whipped me," he pleaded. His captor laughed sharply.

"You lie, and for lying I shall let you feel the tooth of my knife before you feel its full bite," he returned as he pricked his captive until the latter squirmed again. "And now," he went on, "you shall die as my sheep died and be of less value afterwards than they were. For at least their skins are worth something and their flesh was wholesome, while you dead will be even more worthless than living." Ben Hadad made a final appeal.

"At least you will let me pray to the stars before I die," he pleaded, and Ben Joseph smiled grimly and said that he might spend one minute in that useless way. And as Ben Hadad, beginning to mutter his last words, turned his despairing gaze towards the eastern heavens, the one who sat upon his breast and watched him closely in his hate, suddenly saw the eyes below him grow great with wonder while the distorted face smoothed and became soft as a child's. Greatly amazed at the wonderful transformation he turned his eyes upward as the other had done, and as he did so he gave a great gasp, his fingers loosened and he sat staring up into the night. For far to the eastward there shone a new star in the firmament, such a star as the world had never before seen; lustrous, pure white, shining with a soft brilliancy beyond compare; the star of Bethlehem in all its glory as it hung over the manger of the new born Christ, the redeemer of the soul of man.

And as he gazed transfixed by this miracle a wonderful and subtile change came over the hard heart of Ben Joseph. From out of it his wrath fled like a scourged evil thing; the coals of hate that had burned therein turned to ashes and into their place stole a softness such as he had never felt before. He shuddered, threw his knife into the night and getting upon his feet held out his hand. "Arise, Ben Hadad. I leave you in peace," he said gently.

Full of wonderment the released one arose and together the two stood staring at the glowing marvel, all fear and hate vanished. Then Ben Hadad spoke:

"I murdered your sheep because I hated you, and in return you spared my life. Why did you do so?" Ben Joseph shook his head as much puzzled as was the other.

"That I do not know. I only know that I hate you no longer. I even seem to care for you." Ben Hadad laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Also my heart has grown soft. You shall take three of my best sheep in the place of the slain ones and we will be friends from this night on." His companion nodded.

"We will be as brothers throughout our lives. I will come for the sheep another day, bringing you a present. Until then peace be with you." Into the darkness he passed, his eyes still fastened upon the eastern miracle, a song of happiness arising from his heart. For though Ben Joseph knew it not, the son of God had come to earth and already the influence of his gentle spirit was wafting like the night breeze throughout the land, soothing the breast of man as the night breeze soothed his cheeks. For such was the coming and spread of the holy spirit of the Master; the spirit of peace on earth and good will to man.

# A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

CHRISTMAS is not only a mile mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to the fashion of the smiling face.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * *

HOW many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does the Christmas time awaken! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your New Year a happy one.—Charles Dickens.

* * *

REMEMBER that as surely as in that baby life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through all the world; the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever; the power which has transfigured history; the power which has made millions of men its joyous servants; the power of the millenniums yet to be, so surely in the humblest soul's humble certainty that it does love Christ, there lies enfolded all the possibility of the most perfect sainthood.—Phillips Brooks.

* * *

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity, which runs on sun time.—Henry Van Dyke.

* * *

SUPPOSE a note came on Christmas Day saying not, "I send my love and best wishes with this spool-box," but, "I want you to know that your patience, or courage, or tenderness, during this last year, will help me to live more bravely and courageously this year." What a Christmas present the receipt of such a letter would be to any one of us. What a gift for any one of us to send to the human heart that has given us courage for the burden and heat of the day.—Margaret Deland.

* * *

THE season of regenerated feeling—the season of kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a Merry Christmas.—Washington Irving.

* * *

MY CHRISTMAS wish for all is that they may taste the sweetness of love, enter into the joys of friendship, and know the divine beneficence of helping someone at present less fortunate than themselves. In these words are we to find the living spirit of the human and eternal Christmas. The universal gladness of Christmas is proportioned to the extent of its unselfishness. People are happy, not in what they get so much as in what they give.—Minot J. Savage.

* * *

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."—From the Gospel of St. Luke.

* * *

SANTA CLAUS remains, by virtue of a common understanding that childhood shall not be despoiled of one of its most cherished beliefs, either by the mythologist, with his sun myth theory, or the scientist, with his heartless diatribe against superstitions. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on the one side, and the native embodiment of a divine fact on the other, is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

### The Christmas Tree.

Every time I see a Christmas tree studded with electric lights, garlands of tinsel gold festooning every branch, and hung with the hundred costly knicknacks the storekeepers invent year by year "to make trade," until the tree itself disappears entirely under its burden, I have a feeling that fraud has been practiced on the kindly spirit of Yale. Wax candles are the only real thing for a Christmas tree, candles of wax that mingle their perfume with that of the burning fir, not the by-product of some coal-oil or other abomination. What if the boughs do catch fire? They can be watched, and too many candles are tawdry, anyhow. Also, red apples, oranges and old-fashioned cornucopias made of colored paper, and made at home, look a hundred times better and fitter in the green; and so do drums and toy trumpets and wald-horns, and a rocking horse reined up in front that need not have cost $10; or anything like it.—Jacob Riis in Century.

### A Cure for All Evils.

In certain parts of Worcestershire and Staffordshire, in England, the idea prevails that a silver coin from the Christmas morning offertory is a sovereign remedy for any ill that human flesh is heir to. Accordingly, any householder who happens to have an ailing child or other person in the house hies him to the clergyman of the parish on Christmas morning, and asks as a favor a sacrament shilling. The coin given in exchange has to be obtained by collecting a dozen pennies from as many different maidens, and then changing the coppers for a silver shilling. For this coin the applicant receives the coveted sacrament shilling, which, on being taken home, is hung round the ailing one's neck, and is popularly supposed to effect a rapid and complete cure of the complaint, no matter what it may be.

### Where the Toys Are Made.

In Germany whole villages are devoted to the production of Christmas toys, and their busiest time is just about midsummer. By the end of August the receiving depots are crammed with Christmas clowns and Christmas mechanical puppets, Christmas drums and wooden horses—children's Christmas presents, in fact, of all sorts and kinds. And the travelers start out east, west, north and south with their Christmas samples about the time the corn is ready for the sickles of the reapers. In Holland, too, where more than one town is devoted, more or less, to the making of Christmas dolls, the same rule holds good. During May, June, July and August every man, woman and child in these places seem in some way to be occupied with the manufacture of miniature babies. Even at school during these particular months the sewing lessons are taken with dolls' clothes for models.

# GETTING CHRISTMAS DINNER ON A RANCH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ONE DECEMBER, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagonload of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

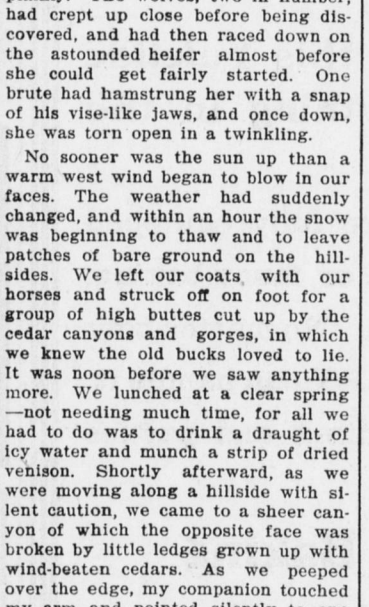
Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddleband from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses, and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone beautifully down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sagebrush.

A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bull-berry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed that we should find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coulee.

Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterwards my companion leaped from his horse and



We Dismounted to Examine Them.

Turning to Go Into the Log House.

raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young black-tailed doe as she turned to look at us, her great mule-like ears thrown forward. The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault downhill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions.

We both laughed and called out "dinner" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side, nfter carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattleman carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhoused flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered, and had then raced down on the astounded heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstrung her with a snap of his vise-like jaws, and once down, she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and within an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and to leave patches of bare ground on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we peeped over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and though he struggled to his feet he did not go 50 yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw; and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path; and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bob-cat—as plainsmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or a prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer that lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning whitetails which in such a place could be hunted only by aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-

## *Death and Life*

*A Vision at Christmas*

*By CLINTON DANGERFIELD*

IN THE early days of men the Lord sent two powers on earth to have dominion over them. One of these was Death—the other Life.

The stern front of Life showed what he really was: unmerciful, exacting, swift to demand obedience to a thousand laws, swift to punish with the keen sword of pain when those laws were broken.

His eyes were the eyes of a warlord; his hand as cold as iron—and as strong.

The tasks he set were many. Few of these were to the liking of the children of men, though some thinkers perceived that out of these heavy tasks came strength, also that if one wrestled with them stoutly one might even master Life himself and compel him to graciousness.

Now the other power—Death—was a woman.

Tall she was, but so perfectly formed that her height was no blemish. Sleepy-eyed she was, but her slow, sweet smile was so infinitely tender and lovely that in the midst of their tasks men stopped to gaze on her as she passed.

At last one of the young men followed her. She spoke to him—her voice being that unspeakable music which not even a violin can outsing—and the young man returned into the fields of Life no more.

Then a little child, weary of flower-gathering, pulled at her garment's hem, and all the workers held their breath, waiting to see what Death would do; for Life had painted her in very evil colors.

But Death lifted the child and laid her on her own deep bosom and sang to her.

As she sang the child slept, and an exquisite smile lingered on its lips, as though its visions were very fair.

Then Death held out the child that the workers might see, and cried:

"Oh, ye who labor, beset with unending toil, see ye how I have blessed the child? Never more shall the heat of summer vex her, nor the cold of winter! I have made her deaf to sorrow and unmoved by the vibrations ye call joy. Forever shall her brow go unwrinkled, and because she hath chosen me I will give her the key to Heaven's immortal gates."

And a worker cried:

"Ye have blessed the child because she was your chosen one?"

The cry was a question.

Said Death dreamily:

"As I gave the child peace, so would I give it to all who come to me—trusting me wholly!"

Looking out across the blazing fields she stretched her rounded arms and cried: "Ye are all mine! Lover of souls am I!"

And with one accord they threw down their tools and followed her into a far land, beyond the domain of Life.

Now Life was vexed exceedingly by the unfinished task. He went straightway to the Lord and complained how Death had led away part of his workers.

And the Lord sent a great white angel unto the remainder and forbade them, through the angel, to hearken unto Death until they could serve Life no longer.

For the Lord knew that the stern dominion of Life must be, for the sake of the men he hoped to complete.

But only a few, a very few, of the children of men obeyed the angel. Let Death but pass the toilers, and her beauty was so great they continued to desert their posts and follow after her.

Then Life cried unto the Lord with a great voice:

"Death seduces my servants!"

And the Lord said:

"Deal with Death as thou wilt."

Therefore Life seized on Death and cut away her perfumed locks, and put on her a painted mask, most hideous to behold. And he sealed the lips of Death, saying, "Be thou dumb, and be thou no longer known as a woman." With this he cast over Death's wonderful form a black mantle, like a pall, and on it Life painted:

"This is the King of Terrors."

Then he sent Death forth, and thereafter whenever she came near the workers they fled from her and cried aloud unto Life:

"Matters not how hard thy tasks, oh dear Life, if thou wilt but save us from this frightful Death!"

And Life said unto the Lord:

"Have I not done well?"

And he answered in exceeding sorrow:

"Needs must thy work on Death stand. And this because of the weakness of men who were seduced by her beauty and who heeded not my angel's voice. Yet very differently had I planned for my people. For in the beginning I set the loveliness of Death plainly before them, that they might endure their tasks happily, knowing how sweet the end would be. But they have defeated my wisdom. On their own heads be it!"

And Life went his way, satisfied. Thereafter, when a child or man became useless to him he cast it into the arms of Death, because its task was finished.

And the soul of Death sang to the soul of the mortal given her, though her lips were dumb, and she blessed it with an infinite blessing and bore it away.

But the toilers mourned greatly that Death should have dominion over one of their number, and they turned the more desperately to Life, who smiled sternly and was content.

(Copyrighted.)

### A Christmas Hymn.

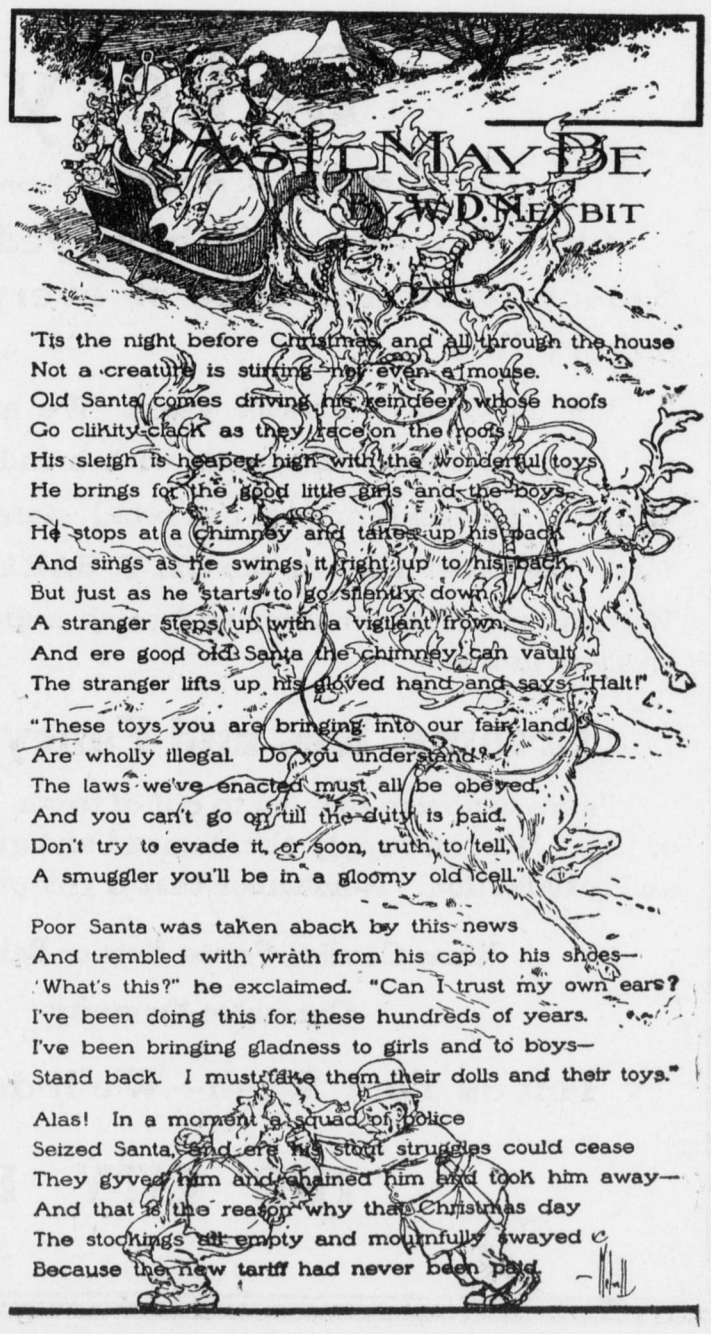
O Christ, upon whose natal morn
Rejoicing angels sang,
When o'er the blue Judean hills
Their heavenly anthems rang!

O Christ, to whom with gifts from far
Came shepherd, sage and king,
Our choicest gifts on this glad morn,
Our hearts, we humbly bring!

Grant us to follow Thee in love,
Nor from Thy path to stray,
Thy blessed feet have gone before
And glorified the way.

We join the angel choirs that sing
This happy morn again,
"Glory to God, the Lord Most High,
Good-will and peace to men!"

—Martha C. Howe.


A VISIT MAY BE
W.D. NESBIT
'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature is stirring—not even a mouse.
Old Santa comes driving his reindeer, whose hoofs
Go clikity-clack as they race on the roofs.
His sleigh is heaped high with the wonderful toys
He brings for the good little girls and the boys.
He stops at a chimney and takes up his pack
And sings as he swings it right up to his back.
But just as he starts to go silently down
A stranger steps up with a vigilant frown.
And ere good old Santa the chimney can vault
The stranger lifts up his gloved hand and says, "Halt!"
"These toys you are bringing into our fair land
Are wholly illegal. Do you understand?
The laws we've enacted must all be obeyed.
And you can't go on till the duty is paid.
Don't try to evade it, or soon, truth to tell,
A smuggler you'll be in a gloomy old cell."
Poor Santa was taken aback by this news
And trembled with wrath from his cap to his shoes—
'What's this?" he exclaimed. "Can I trust my own ears?
I've been doing this for these hundreds of years.
I've been bringing gladness to girls and to boys—
Stand back. I must take them their dolls and their toys."
Alas! In a moment a squad of police
Seized Santa, and ere his stout struggles could cease
They gyved him and chained him and took him away—
And that is the reason why that Christmas day
The stockings all empty and mournfully swayed
Because the new tariff had never been paid.

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I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion, They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at Geo. C. Taggaggart's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

Mrs. S. Jones, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble for several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine and I heartily recommend it." For sale by all druggists.

The next time one of the children catch cold, give it something that will promptly and freely but gently move the bowels. In that way the cold will at once be driven out of the system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels promptly and freely, yet gently, and at the same time heals irritation and stops the cough. It is especially good for children. Sold by all druggists.

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. It stops the croup, relieves the congestion, and expels the cold from your system. Is mildly laxative. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

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## Charter Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Monday, December 20th, 1909, by George P. Jones, Lyman Wiley and C. W. Rishell, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called, "CAMERON POWDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY," the character and object of which is the manufacture and sale of explosives and the apparatus and materials for exploding the same and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

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41-3t, Solicitors

## LADY WANTED!

To introduce our large 1909 Spring line of beautiful dress goods and waistings. Latest up-to-date New York City patterns. Handsomest line of materials ever seen. Quick sales, large profits. Can make $20 or more weekly. Sample and full instructions packed in neat sample case shipped Express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Our prices are low. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

Standard Dress Goods Co., Dept. 6, Binghamton, N. Y

**WINDSOR HOTEL**

W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager

**Midway between Broad Street Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert Street.**

European, $1.00 per day and up
American, $2.50 per day and up

The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in

**Philadelphia, Pa.**

# CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES

**Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough**

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.

Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

SENSIBLE PRESENTS ARE GOOD THINGS FOR SENSIBLE PEOPLE TO GIVE. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN LOVE TO GET THINGS TO WEAR AND CAN YOU NOT GET GOOD PRESENTS FOR MEN AT OUR STORE? AND THEN IN WHAT WAY YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CHILDREN AND YOUR WOMEN FRIENDS HAPPIER THAN BY GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO WEAR. YOU WISH TO SEE THESE THINGS BEFORE YOU BUY THEM. SO COME AND LOOK AT THEM AND GET OUR PRICES. COME TO THE "QUALITY STORE." SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL SUITS, COATS, MILLINERY AND SHIRT WAISTS.

RESPECTFULLY,

**MRS. E. S. COPPERSMITH.**

**If you get it at the City Bakery its Good**

# The Reliable City Bakery

MRS. C. G. SCHMIDT, Prop.

**Our Patrons will be served this Yuletide Season with the best of everything in the bakery line**

Just as we have done for years. We are fully equipped and ready to supply the public with bread or fancy baking, either at wholesale or from our retail store. No matter how large the order may be the CITY BAKERY can handle it. We are especially prepared to furnish weddings and parties on short notice.

## Creams, Ices and Fancy Baking

There is no use sending to out of town dealers for cream or ices. We can supply the demand and guarantee our goods and satisfaction. Remember that if you purchase

**Xmas Candies, Fruits, Nuts or Baking we Guarantee the purity**

Tell us Your Wish--We'll do the Rest

**THE CITY BAKERY.**

*Phone* *Special Delivery*

# The Popular Store

"Around the Corner"

**Broad Street, Near Depot**

**The People's Best Friend**

Our rapidly increasing business is a self-evident fact that we give our customers their money's worth. We pride ourselves on the

**Quality of our Groceries**

**Provisions, Flour, Feed, Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, Candies.**

**Christmas Candies in Abundance**

You Save Money Here

JOSEPH KINSLER

## Seasonable Helps for

# Christmas Shoppers

If you need help in selecting Christmas Gifts for your friends you can get it by looking over our advertisement and selecting one of the many useful articles mentioned.

**Safety Razors** We carry the best. Any man can use one of them and save hours of waiting in a barber shop

**Carving Sets** Some very good ones and reasonable.

**Bread Makers** Every housewife should have one.

**Scissors and Shears** We have an excellent line.

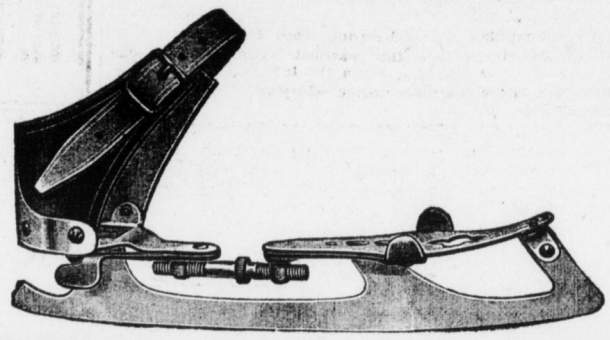
**Kitchen and Household Novelties** And all useful articles for cooking purposes, in tinware and in the famous Lisk Enameled ware.

**Copper, Nickle Plated Tea and Coffee Pots** and Tea Kettles

Carpet Sweepers, Portable Lamps,
Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons, Meat Choppers,
Asbestos Sad Irons,
Sleds for the Boys and Girls.

Tools of all kinds for the Mechanics. Tool chests full of tools for the young mechanic.

**Skates bought of us are always reliable. Your purchase is backed by Emporium's best Hardware Store**



**For Men**

Well made Skates of best steel, hardened and tempered. Either plain steel or nickle plated.

**For Women**

Cast steel runners, leather heel and toe straps. The kind that stays on and stays sharp.

**For Boys**

Self-locking lever and adjustable toe and heel clamps. Buy only the best. Buy Winslow Skates the best made, ranging in price from 70c to $2.50.

### All Kinds of Knives at all Prices

We can almost see the look of disappointment on the face of the boy who does not receive a gift of a knife for Christmas. We know what boys like and for this reason have put in a larger stock ranging in price from 10c to $2.00.

### AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.

What would be more useful and appropriate for wife or mother than a nice cook stove or heater. We have some very good lines of COOK STOVES,

**RED CROSS AND JUNIOR OAK**

and many o the good makes—all excellent bakers. For HEATERS we have them for Gas only, for Wood and Coal only, and for Gas, Wood or Coal combined.

# F. V. HEILMAN & CO.

EMPORIUM, PA.

### A Policeman's Testimony.

J. N. Paterson, night policeman of Nashua, Iowa, writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at leas half a dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A frinnd recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two-thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold by all druggists.

### For Eczema, Tetterand Salt Rheum

The intense itching characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by Geo. C. Taggart.

Foley's Honey and Tar is the best and safest cough remedy for children. At the first symptoms of a cold, give as directed, and ward off danger of croup, bronchitis, sore throat, cold in the head, and stuffy breathing. It brings comfort and ease to the little ones. Contains no opiates or other harmful drugs. Keep always on hand and refuse substitutes Sold by all druggists.

### Hexamethylenetetramine.

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetromine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities and avoid a serious malady. For sale by all druggists.

### How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders. Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While, of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by Geo. C. Taggart.

### Ill Health is More Expensive Than any Cure.

This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Five-tenths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by Geo. C. Taggart.

The best pill is DeWitt's Little Early Risess—the safe, easy, pleasant and sure little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by all druggists.

### Front.

Front is like bread in that both are a little substance blown up with much wind. It is unlike bread in that man cannot live by bread alone.—Puck.

**You won't feel the weather if you wear a chamois vest.**

The chill that seems to strike right through to your marrow will not be experienced all winter. But that is not the important part of it. One Chamois Vest will guard your health, keep you from taking cold by protecting your lungs. Wear one if you want to be safe.

**The OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE**

G. C. TAGGART, Prop.

# Same Jolly Crew Here!

**Will stop with the Cameron County Girls and Boys until after New Years. Dear Old Santa as usual will make his Headquarters at**

**H. A. ZARPS & CO'S Popular Wonderland Store**

Never in the history of this establishment has a larger or more fashionable line of LADIES COATS, SUITS, SKIRTS AND IMMENSE LINE OF FURS been presented to the public, We have a large line and shall make the prices sell the goods. Without fear of contradiction, we feel confident that our large store is resplendant with everything calculated to make our customers happy. We have a larger line of goods, in every department, than can be found in this or any neighboring county and WE DEFY COMPETITION.

## Suitable Christmas Presents

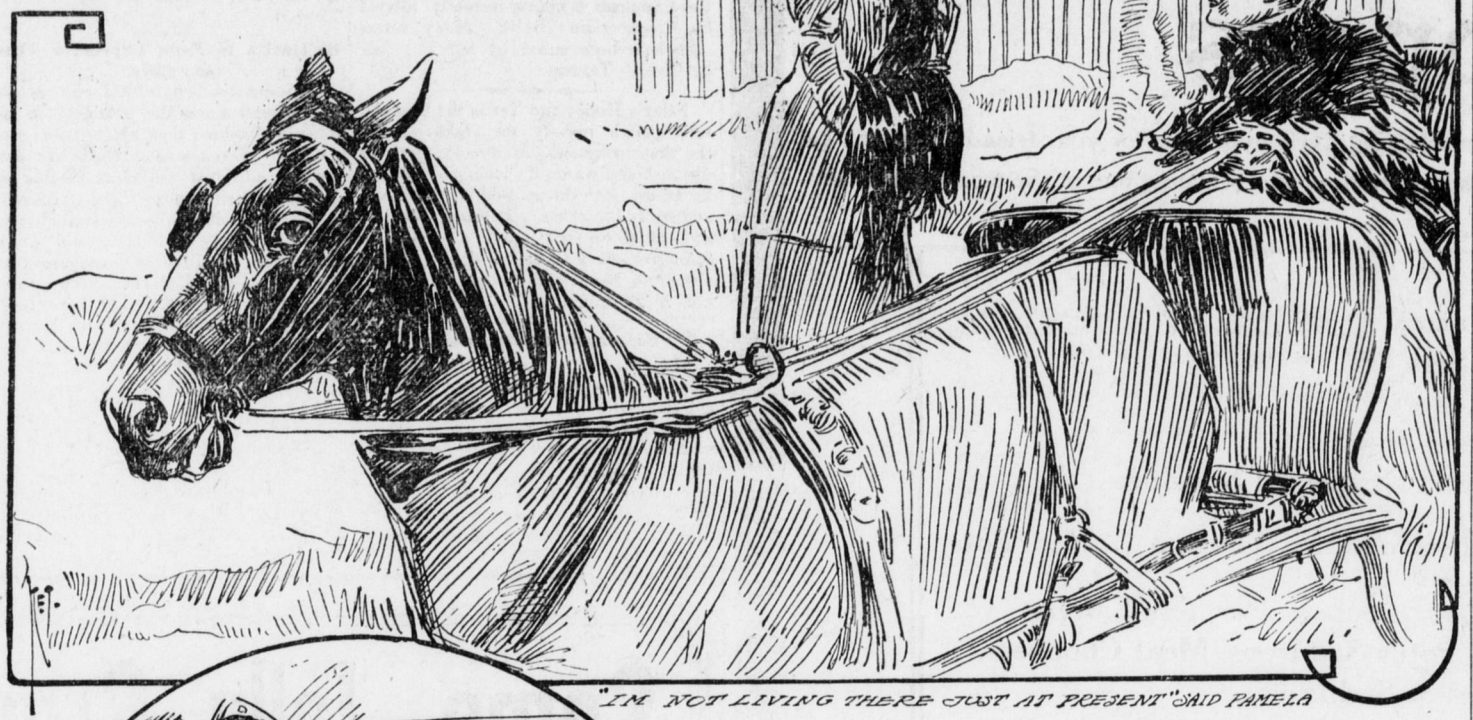
Among the thousands of suitable articles for Xmas Gifts, we mention: A full line Fascinators, Shaws, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and Small Gold Novelties. Fine Line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardinieres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas all styles. from 48c to $12.00.

**LARGEST DISPLAY OF CHINA AND GLASSWARE IN THE COUNTY,**
**Going at Big Reduction.**

# H. A. ZARPS & CO'S

**THE POPULAR FAIR STORE.**
**EMPORIUM, PA.**

# The Christmas Scapegoat by JACK NORMAN



"I'M NOT LIVING THERE JUST AT PRESENT" SAID PAMELA

"I'M TIRED OF BEING A CHRISTMAS SCAPEGOAT."

"MR. PETERS brung you some mail, Miss Pam," announced Aunt Sally, coming into the cozy sitting room with four damp letters.

Pamela looked them over knowingly, felt of their soft contents and smiled grimly.

"The regular Christmas donations of handkerchiefs has begun," she observed in a dry but humorous voice. "This is from Lottie Preston. This," fingering a thinner envelope gingerly, "is probably a pin cushion cover from Geraldine, and this very fat envelope contains a linen initial handkerchief from Molly Drew.

"Last year, Aunt Sally, I received 17 handkerchiefs and three embroidered cushion tops that bore unmistakable marks of previous Christmas travels. I received three invitations to spend Christmas with relatives—Salina and Pauline, of course, and the Prestons—all of whom had gaps to be filled in, and I filled them as usual. I spent $32 for Christmas gifts that I didn't enjoy giving because I knew they were expected, and made three trips to the city for the express purpose of suiting everybody as nearly as possible, and in consequence I grew so tired that I was cross to you for two whole days before I left on my Christmas tour.

"This year I shall not make a single present outside of my immediate family—which means just us two, Aunt Sally, for I intend to make myself a handsome Christmas present instead of wasting my money on the relatives who dump all their left-overs on me. I shall not accept a single invitation, either. I have lost the Christmas spirit."

Aunt Sally's honest black face took on a look of perplexity, whereupon Miss Pamela went on to explain the situation.

"I am tired of being a Christmas scapegoat," she declared with spirit. "Everything unpleasant is loaded on my shoulders because I happen to be unmarried."

"I do wish to goodness sake you had-a-married!" exclaimed Aunt Sally in a tone that gave Pamela to understand that all hope had been relinquished.

"You never was cut out for an old maid," Aunt Sally maintained, sorrowfully, whereupon Pamela shrugged her well-set shoulders in half humorous despair.

She dearly loved her faithful old servant and friend, who had descended to her together with the little country home which was the most undesirable of "effects" mentioned in the paternal will "to be equally divided among my three daughters."

Pamela being unmarried, had no need of the negotiable property which her sisters' husbands eagerly desired for the purpose of enlarging their business operations, so Pamela had accepted the country house and a third of a maternal income, which barely sufficed to cover the taxes and repairs.

"Now we shall see what Salina has to say," observed Pamela as she opened her sister's hurriedly scrawled letter.

"Dear Pamela," she read aloud. "Please don't take offense at what I have done, for I simply had to take advantage of your irresponsibility at a pinch. The Kensingtons—you remember them, don't you, Jim's sister and family?—have just come back from Texas, of course expecting to be invited here for Christmas. That is what we'd have to do if I didn't have you to fall back on. I'm sending them all down to you to spend the holidays, as we simply can't have them here, for the reason that we've invited the Masons, Jim's business friends, you know. It is likely that Tom Mason will be here if he can get away from a pressing business engagement, and as he was rather attentive to Geraldine last summer at the mountains something may come of this Christmas visit. You know how fastidious Tom is and how a crowd of noisy children would annoy him. I know men of his kind—they are as sensitive as girls, and I don't propose to spoil my daughter's prospects for the sake of the Kensington's.

"Geraldine is packing a box of things for the Kensingtons which we will send by express to-day, so you needn't go to any expense buying Christmas presents for them. I hope you'll have a real pleasant Christmas and come to see us as soon after the holidays as possible."

Pamela threw down the letter with a determined gesture and for a few moments she thought deeply, painstakingly, with her smooth forehead puckered in a very unusual frown.

"Aunt Sally," she said suddenly, "could you possibly make out to spend Christmas week in the pasture cabin?"

"For what, Miss Pam?" asked the negress in a puzzled voice.

"For peace—I'm going to spend Christmas as I please. The Kensingtons can come if they like and make merry in my house, but I am not going to be a Christmas scapegoat any longer. Can you make the cabin do, Aunt Sally?"

"Deed an' I can," was the confident answer. "I can cook the bestes' kind in a fireplace, jes' like my old mammy could. Ben can haul us down all the bed close an' things we need."

Fortunately Salina was at home when Pamela's telephone call reached her, so there was no delay. She was surprised to receive a message from her sister and still more surprised at its purport.

"You have made other Christmas plans!" she repeated in blank amazement.

"Yes, I'm real sorry you will be put out Salina," came the brisk, businesslike answer—"What did you say?—O, no, Salina, I couldn't possibly do that, but my house will be here, open to your guests, so send them right along just as you planned, only tell them that I have made arrangements to be away over Christmas—What?—They can't cook? Then I don't see but that you'd better send Geraldine down to entertain them, as she is such an excellent manager and hostess."

Salina's answering voice was exceedingly sharp. "Geraldine can't possibly be spared," she snapped. "I wrote you that the Masons are going to be with us, and we hope to have Tom if he can possibly get off, and I really think something definite may come of his visit, for I'm almost certain he admires Geraldine. Just give the Kensingtons a sort of a camp Christmas and they'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Very well," Pamela answered, cheerfully, "send them down and let them have a camp Christmas, as you say. I'll see that the house is well stocked with provisions and will leave the key under the doorstep—don't forget to tell them that, Salina, or they won't be able to get in, mind."

Pamela dropped the receiver to choke off Salina's parting protest, and hurried away fearful of being recalled. She went the rounds of the village stores, ordering what she needed to tide herself and the Kensingtons through the holiday week.

It was a snowy morning and walking was very disagreeable and tiring, so by the time Pamela reached her own gate she was glad to climb up beside old Ben on the bob sled that was taking the last consignment of household stuff to the cabin in the pasture where Aunt Sally already held cheerful sway.

The next morning was clear and very cold. Pamela, in her warm but humble cabin sitting room, thought of the Kensingtons.

"Ben had better lay the fires up at the house so that it won't take too long to warm up after they come," she said. "You tell him about it, Aunt Sally, when he brings down the groceries."

Pamela settled herself to a pleasant task, which was nothing less than the ordering of a long-wished-for winter coat with fur trimmings, which was to be her Christmas present to herself. She had a $30 check saved to pay for it, and was about to inclose it in the carefully written letter, to which she had pinned a clipping from the cloak maker's catalogue, when Aunt Sally called to her from the front door.

"Dey's come!" she announced. "Why, dey's most all growed up! I expected for to see a passel of chilluns."

"They're just big, Aunt Sally, not grown," Pamela explained, watching the stumbling descent of the six Kensingtons from the station hack. "The oldest girl can't be over 15, for she was born while Salina was spending the summer with us when Geraldine had her third birthday. I remember Salina told us the whole Kensingtons' history when she received her sister-in-law's announcement of the child's birth—four girls and a boy."

"That last un walks terrible puny," Aunt Sally observed with something akin to pity.

"That must be the mother. She has had a lot of sickness, I understand. The father died three years ago, but according to Jim and Salina he wasn't of much account anyway—a professor, or something bookish, I believe."

Pamela went back to her writing, but seemed unable to finish it to her satisfaction. She could not put her mind to it; instead, she kept thinking of the Kensingtons, of Salina and Geraldine, and lastly of Tom Mason, whose supposed fancy for the former surprised and rather irritated Pamela, who had always considered Tom thoroughly sensible.

"I suppose his money has spoiled him," she said to herself as her mind went back to the days when Tom was her school friend, before the Masons made their fortune in Pennsylvania oil lands.

"Certainly Tom Mason of old would not have thought of marrying an affected, vain girl like Geraldine. How Salina has spoiled that girl! Whew, there goes the ink all over my letter. Now I shall have to write another!"

But she didn't even begin another letter. Instead she rose and flung on her coat and hood preparatory to going out.

"I'm going up to the house, Aunt Sally," she announced to her surprised servant. "I'll pretend I'm a neighbor who wants to see the lady of the place."

Pamela rang her own doorbell rather timidly, and was admitted by a tall, rather pale girl in a skimpy plaid dress.

The girl led her to the dining room, where the other four were seated before an open fire. In a deep-seated rocker, with a well-worn shawl about her thin shoulders, sat a gaunt-looking woman of middle age, who introduced herself as Mrs. Kensington, a relative-in-law of Miss Pamela.

"You are not very well, are you?" Pamela asked, as she accepted a chair beside the fire.

"I'm a great deal better than I was last year," was the cheerful answer.

Miss Pamela left such a kind note of welcome for us. She must be a very nice person.

"O, yes," said Pamela, with a flush of shame as she remembered the indifferent wording of that reluctant note. "Well, I must go. Thank you for letting me warm up. I hope you'll have a real nice Christmas here."

She rushed out into the keen, wintry day in a rage against herself and Salina and Jim, who had combined in that shabby treatment of the needy Kensingtons.

Outside of her gate she narrowly escaped being run over by a trig little cutter with two occupants, one of whom she recognized with a start of amazement as her old friend, Tom Mason.

He looked exceedingly well-to-do in his fur great coat and his smooth, blond face had a fresh, boyish charm that made him look much younger than he really was, for Pamela knew that he was exactly her own age—31.

"May I stop?" he asked, as he threw back the lap robes. "The south-bound train ran off the track just below the station here and I took that opportunity to give myself the pleasure of calling on you."

"I'm not living there just at present," said Pamela, with a backward nod of her head, "but I'll be glad to have you go down to my cabin with me. And O, I do need sensible advice just this moment, and I'm awfully glad to see you, Tom."

Seated before Aunt Sally's nicely laid table in the lean-to kitchen, Pamela poured out the story of the Kensingtons.

"Do tell me what I can do to ease my conscience and give those people a real good time," she begged.

"Why, give them a rousing good Christmas tree. I'll help," Tom offered cheerfully.

"Geraldine is sending a Christmas box for the Kensingtons, but I don't believe there'll be enough in it to make the tree look real festive," said Pamela, "so we'd better do what we can at the village."

The tree trimming began that evening with great gusto. Tom opened Geraldine's Christmas box expectantly and out tumbled a lot of antiquated toys, half a dozen summer hats, stained and crushed beyond repair, some worn and none too clean waists and two draggled, silk-lined skirts. In the bottom of the box were two baskets of cheap candy and a cake and a few shopworn Christmas cards.

Tom's wholesome face had taken on a look of deep disgust. He caught up the armful of rumpled finery and flung it violently on the glowing coals of the big fireplace.

"So much for Geraldine's generosity!" he exclaimed in a voice that would have made Geraldine's ears burn furiously, had she heard it.

At 10 o'clock Tom took his cheerful leave, promising to return by 10 o'clock on Christmas morning.

Tom reappeared promptly at the appointed hour, with additional packages, which he stotwed in a corner, for they did not seem designed for the tree.

At 11:30 the jangle of sleigh bells announced the arrival of the guests, who trooped in rather timidly, bewildered by the littleness and humbleness of the cabin, evidently, but Tom soon put them at ease.

By the time dinner was over the guests were as happy as birds, even to the pale, weak-looking mother, who glowed with the reflected happiness of her children.

And the Christmas tree surprise! It was almost too much to be quietly borne by children who had known so very little of Christmas lavishness. Laden with gifts, they departed all a-quiver with gratitude.

"It has been a great success!" Tom declared when the jangle of sleigh bells had died away on the icy night air. "One phase of it is regrettable, though, and that is the dissatisfaction it has left in my mind."

"What do you mean?" Pamela asked, frankly surprised.

"It has made me feel dissatisfied with my bachelor existence. It is lonely at best and a pretty selfish way of living."

"So unmarried men are selfish and irresponsible as well as unmarried women, are they?" mused Pamela. "I'm rather glad to hear that because I have so often been censured for selfishness and obstinacy and—"

"Do you ever think seriously of getting married, Pam?" Tom broke in.

"I haven't for years," was the frank answer.

"I have thought of it a good deal lately—very lately," he declared, significantly. "If you could make up your mind to marry me, Pamela, we could have many a Christmas like this, for we certainly—"

"Marry you!" Pamela echoed, turning her crimsoning face toward the speaker. "Why, I never once thought of—not for years, that is," she interrupted herself to say truthfully.

"But once you did think of me," Tom cried, triumphantly. "I wanted you years ago, Pam, but now I want you a great deal more. At 31 a man knows his mind perfectly, especially if it concerns a woman that he has known and cared for all his life."

Then for the first time the remembrance of Geraldine's expectations surged through Pamela's mind. She spoke of it in a confused, embarrassed way, whereupon Tom laughed and said he guessed the Clydes would survive the disappointment, especially as he had never given them any grounds for such expectations.

"Come, Pam, give me my answer," he urged, "and don't forget that the season called for—a joyous one to me."

Aunt Sally, listening eagerly behind the half-shut kitchen door, saw rather than heard what followed. She smiled a big, intensely gratified smile as she turned back to her fragrant old pipe.

"Thank the good Lord, she's settled at last!" she exclaimed, gratefully.

Then, after a long, delicious pull at her faithful pipe, she added, triumphantly, "An' she's done better'n any of 'em, too, if she is a Christmas scapegoat."

# CHRISTMAS COMING

## HOW THE HOLIDAY IS REGARDED BY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

### It Depends Entirely on One's Viewpoint as to What the Day Brings to Each—The Child and Pater Differ.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" shouts the schoolboy, flinging his cap in the air. "Turkey and pudding! Mince pie, jolly pantomimes, and parties! Hurrah for Christmas!"

* * *

"Christmas is coming," says the draper. "Turn one of our showrooms into a toy bazar and get out the list of tickets required for the New Year's sale. What a good job Christmas has not followed in the steps of other old institutions. Thank goodness for Christmas!"

* * *

"Christmas is coming," murmurs the employe of the latter. "Hours of extra unpaid labor; bullying, sweating, hurry scurry to catch the train, then heigo! for home and holidays. If it only came quicker and stayed longer we should say 'Welcome Christmas.'"

* * *

"Christmas is coming," says busy mother. "There's the pudding, cakes and mincemeat to make. And the shopping there is to do! Presents for the little ones' stockings, not forgetting something warm for father to wear, and some new curtains to make the house look gay. Christmas is coming—the busiest time of all the year—and the happiest."

* * *

"Christmas is coming," muses the child, gazing dreamily into the fire. "I wonder what Santa Claus will bring me this year? Let's see, I've written out 'doll,' 'perambulator,' and 'picture book,' and all three pieces of paper went up the chimney all right—though I'm not quite sure whether I spelt 'perambulator' just right. Still, Santa Claus will understand. Oh! I do hope he'll be quick and come. Dear old Father Christmas!"

* * *

"Dear, indeed!" echoes Pater. "Thank goodness he does only come once a year, for I should soon find myself in the bankruptcy court were he a frequent visitor. No wonder the abbreviation of the word 'Christmas' starts with 'X,' for it is the period of the 'ex's.' The young folk may hang their stockings, but I say hang Christmas!"

* * *

"Christmas is coming," reflects the errand boy as he fixes the sprig of mistletoe to his cap. "I must be on my best behavior for the next few days, no loitering on my errands, no back-answers when I'm grumbled at, then great shall be the number of my Christmas boxes."

* * *

"Christmas is coming," sneers the dyspeptic. "The time for over-feeding and drunkenness, cheap sentiment and evergreens. Turkey and mincemeat! Ugh! the combination makes me shudder. How thankful I shall be when Christmas is gone!"

* * *

Christmas is coming." She murmurs the word as she stoops reverently over a tiny pair of shoes, a little white frock and blue sash, lying in a sacred corner of the drawer. Many Christmases ago these shoes pattered lightly hither and thither under a pair of eager, restless feet, that ribbon encircled a fairy form that danced in and out helping and hindering in a thousand ways the numerous preparations for Yule-tide. A film of tears suddenly spreads over mother's eyes as she shuts the drawer and turns sharply away. Cruel Christmas! when you bring such memories as this for your gift.

### Christmas Crackers.

Do "plants" for making pretty gifts grow up to Christmas trees?
And are "the sea-sons' greetings" sent by salt sons of the seas?

Are Yule-logs cut from snowdriftwood by Yule-tide washed ashore?
And could you stub a mistletoe against a parlor door?

If Eve had tried from holly-twigs a party-gown to weave,
Do you suppose that Adam would have called her "Christmas Eve?"

Saint Nicholas in autosleigh defies police and laws:
Do regulations as to speed contain a Santa clause?

—Lippincott's.

### Yule Cake.

On Christmas night, if a maiden place a piece of the Yule-cake under her pillow she will dream of her future husband. Also a portion of the cake should be kept for the next year, as it brings luck in the house. The plum pudding must always be kept and again partaken of on New Year's day it one would have a successful year.

### Burning the Yule Log.

The ancient Saxons burnt the yule log as a symbol of the turning of the sun toward spring.

Christmas
All hail, Spirit of Christmas. Fill our hearts with freshness, joyousness and hope.
Open our eyes to a world filled with new and interesting things.
Attune our ears to the general song of good cheer and make our hearts and voices responsive to it message.
Let us know in its full measure the blessedness of the privilege both of giving and of receiving, the interchange of the Christmas message of love and remembrance.
Help us to put aside the fear, the worry and the petty strife of yesterday, and to face tomorrow with the radiant face of those who have seen the star in the east and who have heard the angels' message "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

## Christmas Night

By Theodosia Garrison

Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.
Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed
And all the toys are put away, except
Perhaps my engine and the baby's bear,
Then Mother comes away from all the rest
Downstairs to tell our Christmas story there.

She takes the baby on her lap and we
Sit 'round her on the hearth-rug so we see
The pictures in the fire, and then she tells
About how Shepherds watched their flocks by night
And what the angels said, and how the three
Wise Kings came riding—and the big star's light.

And then she tells us how it showed the way
To just a stable where the oxen stay.
And there they found Him in His Mother's arms,
A little baby Christ-Child—and he smiled;
And that (she says) is what made Christmas day
For you and me and every little child.

Before the nursery fire when we're undressed
Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.

—Everybody's

## XMAS BEFORE THE MAST

### How a Crew Celebrated Merrily Off the Coast of California in the Early Days.

A good many of you may have read Richard H. Dana's interesting story of sea life, "Two Years Before the Mast." Dana's vessel was collecting hides on the coast of California, when that coast was in a semi-civilized condition. He thus describes Christmas among the crew:

"As there were no hides to take in, and nothing especial to do, the captain gave us a holiday, the first we had had except Sundays since leaving Boston; and we had a plum-duff for dinner.

"The crew of the Russian brig, lying alongside us, following the 'old style,' had celebrated their Christmas 11 days before, when they had a grand 'blow-out;' and (as our men said) 'had drunk in the forecastle a keg of gin, ate up a bag of tallow and made a soup of the skin!'"

Certain it is that Christmas is the one universal festival the round world over; and every resident of a Christian land carries Christmas in his heart wherever he may go.

### Christmas Cheer.

"Old man," wrote the Billville citizen, "it was my intendin' to give you a fine present fer Christmas, but I come short this year by the sheriff levyin' on my cotton an' the government on my corn; so I kin only send you a gallon jug of the last named, which ain't much as my ambitions is fer you; but I'll say this, old boy: There's enough in that jug to make you have the jolliest time o' yer life fer a day or two; ef you can't buy a circus ticket, there's a whole circus in six drams, an' a eternal movin' pictur' show in 20; so make the most of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Thoughtful.

Ella—I'm going to hang up my stockings on Christmas.

Stella—What for?

"By special request of papa and mamma. You know they believe in Santa Claus."—Life.

## BERLIN'S CHRISTMAS

### THE DAY NOT LIKE IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

### The Old Customs of the Burghers Have Been Forgotten by the Newer Generation in the Modern Hub of Empire.

GERMAN and English newspapers at Christmas time often have picturesque accounts of the German Christmas, which conjure up a clear frosty atmosphere and re-echo the song of the skates on the frozen lakes. For the Anglo-Saxon notion of the German Christmas is drawn from those childhood hours spent over Hans Andersen and Grimm, and the sight of a Christmas tree brings to mind the wood-cutter tramping home through the snow laden forest, trailing behind him the fir tree for his family Christmas celebration, while, in the towns, the black quadrangle of the venerable market place is picked out in lights blazing on the trees in the windows of the gabled houses.

Fifty years ago, before the young German giant had awakened from the sleep of centuries, this idea of the peaceful German Christmas was correct, the Berlin correspondent of the New York Evening Post says. But if one of the burghers of old Berlin, returning from making his Christmas purchases on Christmas eve, were to be transplanted into the roaring hub of empire which his haupstadt has become in the year of grace, 1909, the good man would probably expire on the spot.

Fifty years ago, when Berlin was a dirty, unpretentious, provincial town, with ill-lighted, ill-paved streets, with a population renowned even in those days for its surly manners and uncouthness, and with the iron hand of militarism unchecked over it all, the Christmas festival was the tranquil celebration of which one has read. In the Lustgarten, before the castle, a Christmas fair was annually established, which the king and royal family used to visit to buy jumping jacks and gingerbread for the palace Christmas trees, like any other German family. The Lustgarten fair has passed away, the king of Prussia has become German emperor, Berlin has developed into a fair and beautiful city, and all that remains of the Christmas of once upon a time is the spirit—indeed, a precious inheritance, that still holds the branches of the myriads of Christmas trees which rich and poor alike set up in their houses on the eve of the feast.

### Christmas Booms Trade.

"Christmas booms trades of all kinds," said a statistician of New York. "It is, on the whole, a blessing.

"Take groceries and fruit. A big grocer tells me that where ordinarily he sends out 100 tons of groceries a day at Christmas time he sends out 130 tons. And of oranges, he sells a million a week in December as against 500,000 a week at other times.

"Turkeys go from 6,000 to 14,000 in this firm's output, nutmegs from five to 18 tons, raisins from 2,000 to 9,000 boxes and cigars from 1,000 to 3,000 boxes.

"Wines and spirits, which are popular Christmas gifts, sell 50 per cent better than in any other month. I know a man who sold $225,000 worth of whisky last December as against an average of $125,000 for the other months of the year."

### A Way We Have at Christmas.

She looked at the little man archly.

"Hubby," she said, "do you know you are beginning to grow rather handsome?"

"It's a way I have," he answered, "as Christmas draws near."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## An Alibi for Santa

By Olivia Barton Strohm

Copyright, 1909, by W. A. Patterson

At a clearing of the forest stood MacGregor's store. It was sometimes called "The Crossing," but as the branch had long been impassable because of quicksands, these literal mountain folk had come to call it only "The Store." Here the mail was brought from the railroad twice a week by carrier. But it sometimes chanced that somebody had an errand in town, and would "fetch" the letters with him.

This was just what happened the eve before Christmas. MacGregor himself, went for the mail—and a goodly lot of it there was, too. Several postal cards, at least a dozen letters, and as many other parcels.

He alighted from the wagon, hitched the mules outside, and hurried to the door which his daughter held open for him.

"My, Pappy, what a lot of letters! Any for me?"

Her father put them on the grocery counter, and, going back to the wagon, returned with a package of peppermint candy—sticks of red and white like small barber poles. These he put in a glass jar, then noticed the girl. "Hello, Mamie, what's in that there writin'?"

"Nothin'," was the terse response, and Mamie slipped the letter in her belt.

The man crossed to her with the swagger of conscious weakness. "Look'e here, Mame, if it's from that pie-faced teacher down thar at the Gap, it'll be the worst fer you and him, too. Thar's lots of us ready to take Bud Johnson's part."

Her face flushed to the color of her Turkey red calico. "I'll never marry Bud Johnson so long as I'm alive! Shame on you, Pappy! It's all on account of that 20-acre lot. It's for sale; you are crazy for it, and you want me to marry Bud because he's promised to buy the lot if you make me marry him. Promise! he has promised everything—from that land to a collar for Pepper's neck!"

"You Thought You Were Swapping Your Daughter For A Twenty-Acre Lot."

The tiny black dog snoozing under the counter heard his name and crept to her feet; she stooped and patted him.

Her father paused in the act of piling the good apples on top of the barrel. "I know; it's all on account of that teacher man. And what's he done? Tried to get the mountain folks to send our youngsters to him to be larned how to work. Thunderation! Can't we larn ye that ourselves? If he'd give ye book-larnin', it wouldn't be so bad, but—"

"That's foolishness, Pappy; there's a lot of good in this new kind of studying that they call 'manual training.' It's just because you haven't been hearing it all your born lives that you object. Why, you won't hear to anything that isn't as old as the mountains themselves!"

Pepper dropped from her arms as she towered over her father. "How can we grow? How can we amount to a row of beans if you keep us in the same old rut? Only to-day I heard you tell Bill Dawson that you were sorry we were having such good weather. 'It don't seem natural for Christmas,' you said, 'it don't seem like old times.' Old fiddlesticks! Just because the nasty wet fog is what we're used to this time of year, you don't want the sun to shine. Looks like you don't want the Lord to improve on his own weather!"

A customer came in and got a nickel's worth of candy for his baby's Christmas stocking.

"I hear you all air goin' to hev a celebration to-night; I'll be along and fetch the young uns," he said. "Who's goin' to play Santa Claus?"

MacGregor looked at his daughter. "Dunno; Mame's fixed up a rig and says she'll find some un to wear it; some un to play Old Nick and give the things off the tree."

All this while Mamie was slyly rereading the letter.

"Your father will not permit me to go to you, sweetheart; but will you come to me? By the pollard willow, at twilight to-night?"

Mamie glanced out of doors; the shadow of Mason's bluff was already empurpling the valley; it would soon be dusk.

She dived behind the counter, took out a suit of red flannel trimmed in white cotton, a peaked cap and mask with long, white beard attached. With this costume wrapped in a bundle she was waylaid at the door by her father. "Whar ye goin'?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"To find one of the neighbor boys to play Santa Claus; then I'm coming back to fix the tree," and snatching a shawl from the forked limb of a pine which served as hat-rack, she slipped out.

The air was fresh and frosty; already there was promise of the dark.

"At twilight," his note had said, and she started off toward the bridge at the Gap.

---

Face to the ladies and back to the wall;
Take a chaw o' terbacker and balance all.

The rafters of the cabin shook with the shuffling feet, the laughter of the dancers, the calls of the fiddler and the uncertain strains of "Old Dan Tucker." The fireplace smoked just enough to wrap the ceiling in picturesque Christmas swaddling clothes.

Coal oil lamps fitfully illuminated the tree at the far end of the big room. There was a sudden commotion at its base, as without warning Santa Claus stood on a tar-barrel, holding aloft his bundle.

"Promenade all; seats," roared the fiddler, and the dancers and the children gathered around the tree—but not too close, for Mamie, as mistress of ceremonies, waved them away from the magic circle. As he, in a thin, disguised voice, called out the names, the owner would step up and claim the parcel.

"Who is he?" one man asked, but MacGregor nudged the speaker. "Hush; it's one of the Jimson boys, most like; don't matter; we want to fool the youngsters and they think it's Old Nick himself."

"Malcolm MacGregor."

Now, it was not often that Mamie's father had heard himself thus ceremoniously addressed, and the canny Scot blood leaped in veins he thought long dead to pride.

Somebody said: "Well, Mac, I reckon that's you," and he shuffled up to the tree and took the slip of paper Santa Claus proffered. It was a sworn promise to buy the 20-acre lot adjoining MacGregor's place, adding that the mysterious donor had stopped by the owner's farm and taken an option on it in favor of Malcolm MacGregor!

Below the business form were the written words: "The one and only consideration therefor, to be the hand of his daughter, Mary, to be mine, to have and to hold from this day forth."

MacGregor tottered to a chair, where he sat gazing at the precious paper. In the hubbub nobody noticed him; the children lingered about Santa Claus, sniffing at his empty bag, longing to touch the hem of his robe. He waved them away, signifying to Malcolm to follow him out of doors. Here, at the edge of the clearing, he awaited the man and his daughter.

When they came he said, still in the disguised voice: "May I hope, Mr. MacGregor, that you will accede to the plan—?"

"Put her thar, Bud," and Mac Gregor grasped his hand.

But he reeled and leaned against a blasted tree for support when Santa Claus, throwing off the cap, revealed the smooth-shaven, square-jawed face of the teacher at Rabun's Gap.

"Thank you, Mr. MacGregor," and the teacher moved to Mary's side.

Her father rallied to swear and say: "But I thought—"

"You thought you were swapping your daughter for a 20-acre lot,—and you were not mistaken; the only mistake is in the identity of the party, and that will scarcely matter. Or, perhaps, you prefer to let your friends know that—"

But nobody ever did know, and the identity of Santa Claus was so well kept that to this day the children believe that he hid in a cave, and the spring freshet rushed in and drowned him. Anyway, he has never come back.

## Mourning Millinery

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

TWO lovely examples of mourning hats are pictured here made of the two materials most favored for mourning wear, crape and silk grenadine. The hat of English crape, shown in Fig. 1, is a perfect example of the milliner's art using this exquisite material as a means of expression. The entire hat is covered with crape, the brim made of narrow parallel folds. The crown has wide folds for its covering also a drapery of crape with a large buckle of dull jet, serve as a mounting for the pompon of down feathers and aigrette mounted at the left side.

In shape, this hat is graceful and of a kind that will not soon be out of style. Such shapes should be selected for mourning, as good mourning fabrics are very durable and will outlast the accepted periods of mourning, if well selected. English crape should be chosen, as it is manufactured to withstand moisture which is ruinous to crapes not protected against it. In this particular fabric, the English excel all other manufacturers and the great modistes who specially design mourning use this crape. It is the most beautiful of the fabrics used for mourning.

Silk grenadine is equally popular, although not universally recognized as first mourning. There is much latitude in the selection of fabrics, however, and many persons prefer grenadine to any other. The hat and veil shown in Fig. 2 are of this beautiful fabric. It is also of English manufacture, although the English send to various parts of the world—including America—for the materials necessary to make and dye both crape and grenadine. This material is manufactured waterproof. This is very necessary in order that the rain or snow may not spot the grenadine. One can easily test the material by immersing it in water. If properly made the dye will not run and the fabric will remain unchanged. Crape should be subjected to the same test. The crimp is not affected by water and its color remains unchanged.

## VISITING DRESS.

This elegant dress is carried out in champagne suede cloth, and is a fitting princess, tucked under the arms. A band of braided cloth trims the lower edge of princess where the material is slightly draped, below this the skirt part is plaited, the plaits being stitched down a few inches. A handsome braiding design surrounds the yoke of tucked silk, which is also trimmed with braid and small buttons. The sleeve is long, tight-fitting, and trimmed to match.

Hat of black beaver, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: 6½ yards cloth 48 inches wide, 4 dozen yards braid, ½ yard tucked silk.

### Twenty-Inch Rope of Pearls.

The fashion in length for a string of pearls has changed. It was once 14 inches, then 16; now the correct string must measure 20 inches.

## NOW THE ROBIN HOOD HAT

### Style That Divides Favor with What Is Known as the Prairie, of Felt and Suede.

Millinery is one of the most important features in the toilette of the woman who wishes to be well dressed, and to-day the cult of the plain hat is as carefully considered as the elaborate, the subject being as inexhaustible as the budget itself. The craze for beaver still continues, but it is safe to predict that as the winter approaches black will lead the van, adorned with cinnamon and royal blue ostrich plumes for visiting and velvet for morning wear. The Robin Hood hat is the latest shape to make its debut carried out in this charming material. As will be remembered, the hat worn by the famous outlaw of this name was turned up on one side, had rather a high crown, and was trimmed with two long quill-like feathers. The smart mondaine, although retaining the shape, has substituted a rosette of tinsel and a tuft of breast plumage for the feathers. For traveling it will divide honors with the prairie hat, which is fashioned of felt and relieved with a band of suede of a contrasting shade.—From the Tatler.

### A Golden Feather.

It can be made of an old quill from which the battered feathers have been stripped.

Gold lace is sewn as a scant ruffle on each side, the end being slightly pointed.

You have no idea how effective this is on a fur turban. From this idea a departure into the realms of silver, bronze or jeweled lace can be made, and at little cost.

This quill, with a band of braid or lace to match, will furnish sufficient trimming for a velvet or fur toque.

### Shadow Lace.

This is new, and because of its unobtrusive pattern can be used in great quantities without fear of overdecoration.

The pattern is woven in such a way that an uncertain shadowy effect is produced. It is especially lovely in black and cream. The black shadow lace is used over black net and a white satin underslip. The cream is effective over pale tints in evening gowns.

### Gobelin Green Again.

The hats of this winter will again show that entrancing shade of green known as gobelin. It will be used in thick, short plumes and thick long ones, but not in ribbons or moire.

# We are now Ready for Santa Claus

# H. S. LLOYD

**In Masonic Block, Opposite Warner House,**

**BOOKS** for everyone, for old or young, for men, women or child; for persons of all tastes and all callings.

LLOYD'S BOOK STORE provides an abundance of the choicest books at lower prices, than they can be bought anywhere else. If saving money is worth while then you can't afford to overlook LLOYD'S HOLIDAY BOOK STORE. We know you can't find a better selection of Gift Books anywhere. We can supply any book we happen to be out of and we know you can't begin to match our low prices. Among our books for Girls are Mead Alcott, Carey; for Boys, Alger, Henty, Optic, Otis, Young, Motor Boys, Rover Boys, Auto Boys and Reid. All the late copywrights from 50c to $1.25. Padded Poets in full leather bindings. Childrens Hygenic Cloth Books. We have an espically fine assortment of Bibles and Prayer Books.

## Visit Our Toyland

There are many and various Toys and Games to be found in our store. The greatest gathering of them you ever saw, and many of them are to be found only here. 'Tis also a fact that our prices are so low that you'll find it really economy to buy here.

Bring the youngsters and let them enjoy seeing these wonders in eur TOYLAND. Here they will find China Tea Sets, Mechanical Toys, Children's Tables, Mission Desks and Chairs, Acrobats, Clowns, Locomotives, Automobiles, Paints in Boxes, Musical Toys, Horses and Wagons, Loaded Trucks and Milk Wagons, Hook and Ladder Trucks, Trains, Teddy Lions, Taft Possums. In games Jack Straws, Lotto, Authors, Geographical Games, Quoits, Ten Pins, Messenger Boy, and in fact, Toys and Games too numerous to mention.

## Dolls

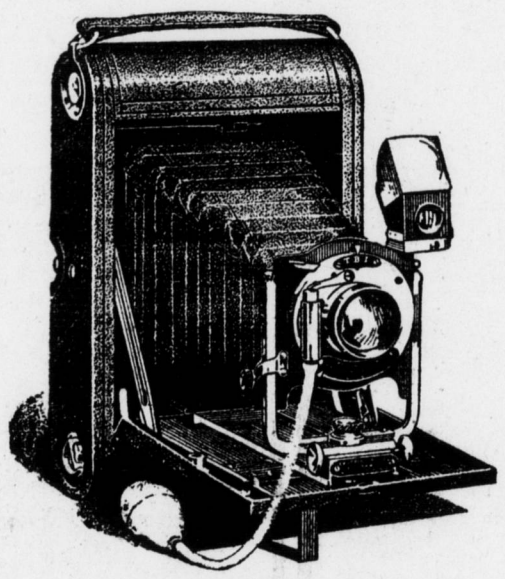
The little Girls Xmas is not complete without a Doll. Our Doll Corner is a great attraction. Many kinds and sizes help make up this bright display of dolls. We have many handsome dressed dolls from 35c to $6.00. In Undressed Dolls. Kid Bodied, Jointed, Bisque and Cloth Dolls, also Novelties, as Hats, Slippers, Shoes, Stockings, Furs, Wigs, &c.

## Billikens

Billikens for each and all. BABY BILLIKEN is supposed to bring good luck to each little girl who posesses one.

## Fancy Goods

Rare gifts in Fancy Goods, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Sterling Silver Novelties, Jewel Cases, Military Sets, Candle Sticks, Hat and Clothes Brushes, Book Racks—in brass and wood—Brass Fern Dishes, Picture Frames in new designs, Puff Boxes, Hair Receivers, Trays, Nut Sets and many other Novelties



## Put a Kodak on That Xmas List

There is nothing unless it be the after delight in the pictures themselves that more appeals to young and old than picture taking. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes, ranging in price from

**$5.00 to $100.00**

## 1910 Diaries now on Sale

## China

We have a fine assortment of Bric-a-brac and Fancy China. Especially designed for Xmas gifts. Our assortment includes Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mayonnaise Bowls, Olive Sets, Nut Sets, Bread and Milk Sets, Fancy Plates, Celery Plates, Turkey Sets, Desert Dishes and many Novelties.

## Leather Goods

There is nothing like leather, and the good looking gifts you'll find here combined with serviceableness and the lowest prices, is sure to suit every buyer. Hand Bags, Purses, Pocket Books, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, Portfolios, Children's Bags, Traveling Cases, Military Brush Cases, Bill Folders, Bridge and Card Cases, and Music Rolls in great variety of styles.

## Pictures

What better gift than a good picture? We have them from 10c to $6.50, A great variety of styles suitable for any room. Our Den Pictures are especially good.

## Razors

For his Xmas a GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR. The most useful and practical gift for a man. Something he will use every day of the year and every year of his life.

Prices from $5.00 to $11.00.

## Fountain Pens

Each member of every home should have a WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN for his or her own use.

We have them in a variety of styles and prices from $2.50 to $6.00.

## Cigars

All the leading brands of Cigars, in Xmas Boxes $1.00 per box.

A fine selection of Pipes in Merschaum and Briar.

## Stationery

There is more writing paper used between Xmas and New Year's than any time during the year, and we are more ready than ever for the Xmas correspondence with paper by the pound, or in boxes. Beautiful Xmas boxes in Holly and Xmas Scenes also Xmas Seals and Cards.

## Huyler's Candies

Made to Eat, Not to Keep

A box of Huyler's is a Holiday necessity. We have fancy boxes in all sizes and all prices in a variety of designs. We also have a line of FULLER and GREEN candies.

**A large line of pure loose Candies, Pop Corn Balls also Stockings filled with candies for Xmas trees.**

# Harry S. Lloyd,

**Masonic Block, Emporium, Pa.**

# Furnishings for the Home

**We have collected the largest line of House Furnishings that we have ever had**

**In this the largest furniture store in Cameron county and we urgently invite the public to call and inspect our lines. We are sure we can help you solve the troublesome question:**

## What Shall I Get for Father, Mother, Sister or Brother

**How would a nice easy chair suit father or mother, at from $2.50 to $45.00.**

**A nice lady's desk, $4.50 to $20.00.**

**Or a Princess dresser, $12.oo to $2o.oo.**

**Or a shirt waist box, $2.5o to $3.oo.**

**A Mission table or chair for brother's den, or costumer for his bed room.**

**Substantial rocking and high chairs for the little folks.**

**An endless variety of carpets and rugs; all sizes and prices.**

**Above are only a very few hints to guide you.**

**We have trimmed every corner and propose giving our customers the benefit.**

## Lower Prices in Furniture than ever Known in this County

**Call and take a look, whether you buy or not. Courteous attention to your many wants. Fair prices and everything guaranteed as represented, or money refunded.**

**Store open until 9:30 every evening until Xmas.**

# GEO. J. LABAR,

EMPORIUM, PA.

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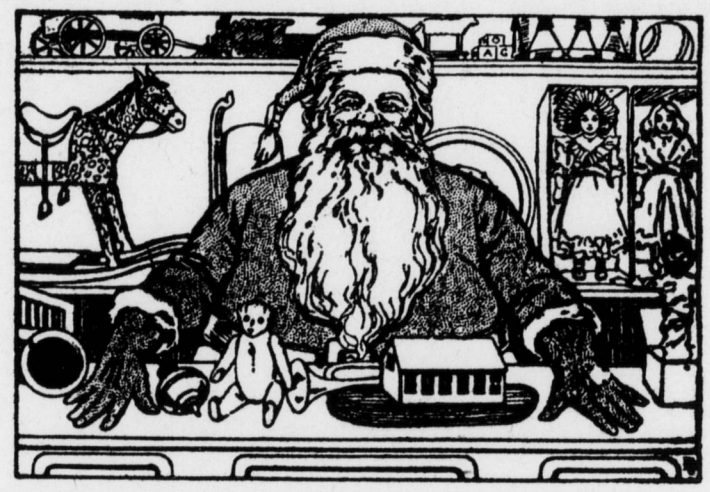
*1905* *1909*

# Tompkins & Norris



## Our Yuletide Greeting

**THE PEOPLE'S GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE**

**Lemons, Figs, Dates Oysters**

**To the People who need Holiday Goods**

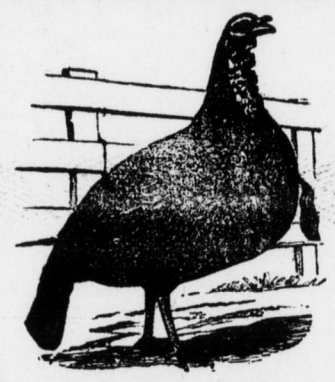
We cannot enumerate very many articles but specify a few and generalize all the balance OUR STOCK IS CHOCK FULL.

**Grape Fruit, Oranges**

**Churches Supplied with Candies and Nuts at Wholesale Prices.**

**The Store that Studies its Customers.**

| For the Ladies | For the Children | For the Men |
|---|---|---|
| Handkerchiefs from 5c to 50c each. The finest assortment in Cameron County. | Dolls, Toys, Candy, Chairs and Tables | Sweaters, Cigars, Clothing, Gloves, Cuffs and Collars |



**Leave Orders Early for**

**Turkeys, Geese Chickens**

**and other Poultry**

FOR the pepsle of Cameron and adjoining counties---Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforters, Shoes and Rubbers, Fresh and Salt Meats and Groceries in case lots at wholesale prices. We defy competition.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, as well as unbounded prosperity, we remain, yours for business.

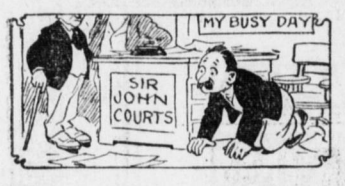
**TOMPKINS & NORRIS,**

EAST EMPORIUM, PA

*Phone* *Free Delivery*

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Pester House Clerk About Ancestors




WASHINGTON.—Sir John Courts, Bart, K. C. M. G., K. O. C., C. B., who, as plain James C. Courts serves the United States government in the responsible position of clerk of the House committee on appropriations, has his troubles just like other folks. People are all the time pestering him to death to know if it was his grandfather or his great-grandfather or his great-great-grandfather who used to own about 20,000 acres in Maryand and who presided over the feudal glories of Clean Drinking Manor. And every time he gets through with one of these historic bugs and settles down to work a delegation of home folks from Tennessee drops in on him and demands to know why he accepted from the Emperor of Korea—before that eminent personage was sat upon by the Japanese—the military order of the Setting Moon, third class and wears the undress button that goes with it all the time.

But even these annoying things pale into insignificance beside an incident that happened just the other day. Mr. Courts has his nose in a chaotic appropriation bill and was dictating to four adding machines all at once when a straight-backed, straight-nosed, white-mustached, white-haired and extremely dignified old gentleman marched into the committee room. He was looking for his member and as the member wasn't on hand, had turned around to go out again, when he caught sight of Mr. Courts.

There was a moment of tenseness and of pause—a hiatus in other words. And then the old gentleman advanced and cast himself—a perferly dignified cast—on Mr. Courts' bosom, clutched Mr. Courts' hand, patted Mr. Courts' shoulder and gazed into Mr. Courts' eyes. And as a dozen or so members of the appropriations committee gathered around the old gentleman exploded his bomb.

"Captain," he said to Mr. Courts. "I am moah than happy to meet you again. I consider this the happiest day of my life, my dear comrade in arms. Well I remember the days when, side by side, knee to knee, we followed the fortunes of that flower of chivalry, that most dashing of cavalry leaders, our idolized chieftain, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart."

Of course it was a case of mistaken identity. Sir John says so himself. But nevertheless it was embarrassing. And he's going to ask for a couple of more assistants, for, with this Clean Drinking Manor story and the Setting Moon button and the Confederate cavalry yarn, he's just fairly pestered to death and hasn't time to do his regular work.

## Old General Got No Aid from His Aide

GEN. Luke E. Wright, told at a dinner in Washington a war story from Manila.

"There was once upon a time," he began, "a gallant old general. This general, leading a splendid charge in his youth, got a bullet in his chest and two sabre cuts across the head. In after life, relating over the nuts and wine his many battles, it was this particular charge that he always described most flamboyantly.

"The older the general grew the more splendid the charge became; the more awful was the slaughter that he visited upon the enemy; the more horrible were the wounds that he received. For corroboration he would always turn to a grizzled veteran on his left, his aide-de-camp. The aide-de-camp would nod his gray head in acquiescence silently.

"Taller and taller grew the general's stories of the charge. Higher and higher grew the mound of enemies slain by his sword. More and more numerous became the bullets, thrusts and slashes sustained by himself. At the end he always appealed to the grizzled aid; and in silence the aid nodded confirmation.

"The general one night gave a large dinner party. The wine was no less abundant than superb, and at dessert the old warrior let himself out upon the charge as he had never heretofore done. Four horses were killed under him. Three lances passed through his right arm, five through his left, Nine sabres crashed down upon his head simultaneously. The bodies of his slain formed a wall wellnigh impassable about him. And it seemed that there was hardly a muscle in his person wherein a bullet failed to imbed itself.

"'You remember all this, don't you, De Courcey?' he said, in conclusion.

"The silent and long suffering aid at last spoke up.

"'No, general,' he shouted, in a loud, indignant voice. 'No, of course I don't remember it. How can you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the cannon ball that killed your fourth horse struck the breastplate of a cuirassier behind us and then bounded back and took my head off!'"

## Plans Homegoing of Irishmen in 1910

FIFTEEN years ago Francis J. Kilkenny arrived in this country from Ireland. He was so green that he mistook a Fourth of July celebration as a reception to himself. Young Kilkenny had relatives and friends in Milwaukee and Chicago and he made for the middle west soon after his landing. He had a fund of native wit and an abundance of energy and pluck. He got a job cutting grass and soon came under the notice of Charles G. Dawes. When Mr. Dawes came to Washington as controller of the currency he brought Kilkenny along as his private secretary. When Dawes retired from the controllership his successor found he couldn't get along without Kilkenny. Mr. Ridgely was succeeded as controller by Lawrence O. Murray and that official has retained Kilkenny who has now become one of the institutions of the treasury department.

Young Kilkenny is making remarkable headway with a movement for the "home-going" of Irishmen in 1910. The plan is to induce the Irish people from all over the United States to return to their native land during the months of July, August and September. It is proposed that the various Irish organizations, notably the A. O. H., and the Gaelic league shall take up the movement and carry it through. Kilkenny does not claim personal originality for the idea but he gave it initial impetus and has taken upon himself the burden of interesting Irish societies in the plan.

More than a sentimental purpose animates those who have undertaken this ambitious task. While the prospect of a visit to the old country, at reduced transportation rates, and in the glory of midsummer, will form a leading incentive, the real purpose of the movement is to stimulate Irish industry. Kilkenny has made several visits to his old home in Ireland and each time has been impressed with the industrial possibilities of the country and the apparent hopelessness of improving conditions without organized effort. He takes the position that the industrial and agricultural resources of Ireland have not been developed to one-tenth of their capacity. Capital is needed to develop them and Kilkenny believes that it will be forthcoming if the Irish people in this country are given an opportunity to see with their own eyes that profitable investments can be made.

## Chautauqua Salute, Menace to Health

DR. WILLIAM C. WOODWARD, health officer of the District of Columbia, is in favor of abolishing the only form of athletics indulged in by members and graduates of the Chautauqua literature and reading circle. He says that the Chautauqua salute is a menace to health.

The salute, as all Chautauquans know, is a waving of the handkerchief when friends make a hit on the lecture platform or sail away for distant lands. Everybody waves and everybody is happy provided that one does not overtax his or her energy.

"The custom of waving a handkerchief vigorously in the air," says Dr. Woodward, "is dangerous. Nearly every contagious disease can be communicated in this manner, if the handkerchief is slightly soiled. If the linen square has just been purchased, or has come straight from the laundry, there is not the slightest danger, but the waving of a handkerchief that has been used even once is harmful.

"When a handkerchief is waved the wind blows the germs from it. Typhoid fever, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, smallpox and chickenpox, measles, leprosy and diphtheria may be thus spread."

The Chautauqua saluters criticised the health officer's remarks.

"Dr. Woodward does not know what he is talking about," said a young woman. "We never carry soiled handkerchiefs."

## The Littlest Boy and Santa Claus

By Edwin L. Sabin

(Copyright.)

THE GREAT hall clock, stationed opposite the foot of the stairs, struck two. From his bed the Littlest Boy listened with a sense of awe. Never before had he heard it strike so late an hour. Once, indeed, he had heard it strike ten, but usually it had struck eight—and when next he was awake it was striking six and morning had come.

The Littlest Boy lay and listened. The house was impressively still. The only sounds audible were the stately ticking of the monitor clock below, and the regular breathing of the Biggest Boy and the Biggest Girl in the room adjoining.

The Littlest Boy's eyes were wide open and gazing into the velvet blackness close above his face. When he had gone to bed it had been Christmas eve. He was not fully certain as to the line of demarkation, but it occurred to him that now it was Christmas day! Then he began to blink and think.

He wondered if Santa Claus had come yet. Before the grate-fire, down in the library, were ranged three chairs; a rocking-chair for the Biggest Girl, a straight-backed, ordinary chair for the Biggest Boy, and a huge, roomy arm-chair for himself. In addition, he had hung up his stockings to the mantel.

He tried to picture to himself how, if Santa Claus had been and gone, that chair and those stockings must

"Hello!" Said Santa Claus.

look. At intervals, as some particularly alluring fancy stood out before him, he gave an ecstatic wriggle and a few blinks extra.

Oh, the red wagon! And the silver napkin-ring! Supposing he got them both! It did not seem to him possible that he could exist without either, and yet—and yet—he mustn't exact too much.

If he might take one peep into the library—just one tiny peep—to find out whether or not Santa Claus had been.

He felt that he ought not to yield to this temptation; and he sighed hard and twisted. But even in the midst of his struggle he did yield, for first his disobedient right foot stole from beneath the blue coverlet, and next his disobedient left foot; and in a moment all of him, enveloped in his long, pink-flannel night-gown, was moving resolutely towards the doorway.

At the landing the stairs turned sharply. The Littlest Boy also turned with them to continue his journey. Now there ahead of him was the monitor clock, staring him in the face, and ticking loud reproval. From the library, off the hall, came the reminiscent glow of the grate-fire with which the Christmas eve had been celebrated.

Down sped the Littlest Boy, boldly ignoring the astonished clock, down the remaining flight, and across the square hall, whose rugs were soft and comforting. On the threshold of the library he stopped short, frightened at what he had done.

He had caught Santa Claus!

Aye, there was Santa Claus, bending over the big chair, which, the Littlest Boy glimpsed, was overflowing with packages and things.

I do not know but that the Littlest Boy would have beat courteous retreat (although, of course, his farther curiosity was simply tremendous) had not Santa Claus suddenly glanced up and descried him—a small, pink figure, made still pinker by the glowing coals, framed, wide-eyed, in the library door-case.

"Hello!" said Santa Claus, not now.

"Hello!" responded the Littlest Boy. "I didn't know you were here."

"Didn't you?" remarked Santa Claus, straightening up and slowly stepping backward.

"No," assured the Littlest Boy. "Did you get in through the chimley?"

During his whole life—that is, ever since he could talk—the Littlest Boy had been trying to say "chimney," but, somehow, that "l," being so slim and hatchet-faced, always nimbly slipped in and elbowed out the "n."

"Did I get in through the chimbley!" repeated Santa Claus; and then he opened his mouth in a silent laugh. "Yes, I clumb down the chimbley," he said.

"You say 'chimbley' and I say 'chimley;' but my father says—says ch—ch—chimneley is right," informed the Littlest Boy.

"You don't mean it!" returned Santa Claus, who, having backed to the window looking upon the side porch, now, with his hand behind him, was deftly sliding it up.

"Please don't go, Santa Claus," besought the Littlest Boy. "We'll talk real low, so nobody'll hear. That is, if you're not in too big a hurry to stay," he added, politely.

"Sure," responded Santa Claus.

"It's almost empty, isn't it!" asserted the Littlest Boy. "But I s'pose you've lots more up in the balloon Had you got all through with me? My chair is the middle one there and these are my stockings in front of it."

"Well, I was kinder foolin' around when you come in," confessed Santa Claus; "but I reckon I'm through. Them other chairs are your ma's an' pa's, I take it?"

"Yes; mamma's is the rocker and papa's is the other," informed the Littlest Boy, hurriedly. "Did you bring me a red wagon and a silver napkin-ring?"

"Aren't they there?" queried Santa Claus.

"May I look?" asked the Littlest Boy, eagerly.

"Sure," grunted Santa Claus, with his favorite word.

The Littlest Boy was not slow in taking advantage of that permission. In a twinkling he was at the chair, and, oblivious to the rustling that he was producing, was burrowing amidst its contests.

He did not have to burrow to find the red wagon. Its two front wheels were sticking straight up against the chair's back!

"Oooo-ee!" jubilated the Littlest Boy, turning with sparkling eyes. "Will its sides fold over?"

"You bet!" assured Santa Claus.

"Just bushels and bushels of thanks, Santa Claus," purled the Littlest Boy, rapturously. "I hope it's bigger than my Cousin James' is! Is it?"

"Sure!" said Santa Claus. "Now, about the ring? Ain't it there?"

"I don't see it?" replied the Littlest Boy, rummaging.

"Mebbe it's in the stockin's," suggested Santa Claus.

And it was!—a beautiful, shiny, silver napkin ring.

"Oooooo-eee!" gurgled the Littlest Boy, unwrapping it. "I bet it's the very solides' kind!"

"Lemme see," demanded Santa Claus. "That's what I intended it to be, anyhow, an' I hope I ain't made no mistake."

"Yes, it's solid, all right enough," he said, weighing it in his hand, while the Littlest Boy watched him, anxiously. "But don't you think that that there wagon an' this here ring, both together, are too much for a kid like you?"

"I don't know," responded the Littlest Boy, abashed. "I've tried to be awful good. I've picked up kindlin' and went on errands and brushed my teeth—and—and gone down cellar after dark, and—and—and I've hardly ever cried when I got hurt!"

"Still, seems to me," persisted Santa Claus, gazing at the shiny ring in his fingers, "that a wagon alone is good enough for one kid, besides all them other things you've got in yon chair and socks. I dunno but what I'll take this an' give it som'ers else."

"Well," agreed the Littlest Boy, gravely, "if—if you can find some little boy who ought to have it more'n me, then you can—can take it; and p'raps next Christmas—"

"God!" roared the Biggest Boy, like an angry lion, leaping through the library doorway.

With a slam up sped the window; with an oath, out whirled Santa Claus.

"You've scared Santa Claus! You've scared Santa Claus!" wailed the Littlest Boy, in despair.

"I have, have I!" exclaimed the Biggest Boy, gathering the wailer into his arms.

"And he took my ring," farther lamented the Littlest Boy.

"He did, did he!" repeated the lion—that is, the Biggest Boy—in a commiserating growl. "Never mind; we'll get another"

"But I told him he might, if there's some other little boy who'd ought to have it more," explained the Littlest Boy, truthfully. "Maybe he'll bring me one next Christmas."

Here the Biggest Boy shut the treacherous window; and with the Biggest Girl, who by this time had arrived and was hugging and kissing the Littlest Boy's two rosy feet, as they hung down inside the Biggest Boy's arms, close accompanying, carried him upstairs to bed.

What do you think! Evidently Santa Claus repented, or else he had only been joking, or else he could find no other little boy who was more worthy; for, after all, at daylight there was discovered, lying on the mat before the side-door, that very same ring—wrapped, it is true, not in fine tissue paper, but in coarse brown paper.

However, upon the paper was scrawled, in ragged but unmistakable lines:

"for the kid
"SANTY CLAWS."

### Effect of Self-Satisfaction.

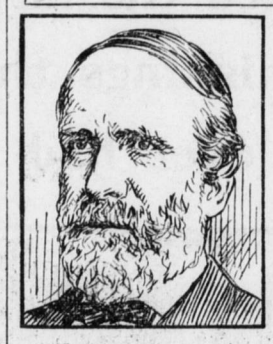
Nell—That was a frightfuly long sermon the minister preached this morning.

Belle—Why, I didn't notice it was unusually long.

Nell—Of course not; you had on a new hat.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

## IS OLDEST ARMY OFFICER



Brigadier-General Daniel H. Rucker, retired is not only the oldest officer of the United States army now living, but also the oldest man that has ever been in the military service of this country.

The lapse of time since his birth is most vividly realized when it is considered that General Rucker has lived in every presidential administration since the government began, save only three—those of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. He was born only 13 years after the death of the first president and among his friends and acquaintances have been a good many people who knew George Washington.

But anybody who saw the general to-day would never imagine that these things could be true. He is quite as spry and youthful in his ways as many a man of 65. In Washington, where he lives, he walks downtown nearly every morning and is often seen on the streetcars. Only the other day he was noticed standing on the running board of an open car, having got up and stepped out to allow some ladies to pass.

General Rucker was 97 years of age on April 28 last. But it does not seem to him that this fact gave any excuse for the remarkable zealousness of a certain life insurance company which, a few weeks ago, sent a man to his house on Jefferson place to make a money settlement for his death. Greatly irritated by this summary notice of his own demise, he walked downtown the next morning and dropped in at the office of the company.

The company was very apologetic. Yes, it was obliged to admit the general had the appearance of being alive. His presence in the office was evidence in favor of such a supposition. But in a technical sense he was dead. From a life insurance viewpoint he had passed over to the beyond. There had been nothing to do, therefore, but to pay up the policy—though the company was sorry if the general had been inconvenienced in the matter.

The general felt very greatly inconvenienced—in fact, he went away in a rage. The money which the company declared to be due he refused to accept. He is still so angry about the matter that his friends do not dare to mention it to him even in joke.

## GOES TO THE SUPREME COURT

President Taft has selectetd Judge Horace Harmon Lurton to fill the vacancy in the United States supreme court caused by the death of Associate Justice Rufus W. Peckham.

Judge Lurton has been a judge of the sixth judicial circuit of the United States circuit court of appeals, the district including Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan.

Judge Lurton, a prominent Tennessee Democrat, even though he has never held elective office, is an ex-confederate soldier and in Michigan is known as the man who once decided a street car case against the late Governor Pingree.

Mr. Taft's service on the circuit bench with Judge Lurton convinced him of the integrity and rectitude of that jurist. His later contact with him has demonstrated to his satisfaction that the Tennesseean is progressive in thought and will interpret the laws in accordance with the modern spirit.

The judge was born in Campbell county, Ky., February 26, 1844, his father, at that time a physician, later becoming an Episcopalian minister.

His education at the University of Chicago cut short by the civil war, young Lurton hurried south and enlisted as sergeant-major in the Thirty-fifth Tennessee. In February, 1862, he was discharged for sickness. He returned to the front, however, in time to take part in the battle of Fort Donelson, where he was taken prisoner and confined in Camp Chase. He managed to escape and enlisted in the Third Kentucky cavalry and was taken prisoner again in Ohio while on "Morgan's raid." This time he was so carefully guarded that he did not escape until the war was over.

After the war he formed a partnership with Gustavus A. Henry and came rapidly to the front as a lawyer. In 1886 he was made justice of the Tennessee supreme court, in 1893 chief justice, and two months later was appointed to the United States court by the late ex-President Cleveland.

## CANADA FOR INDEPENDENCE

Some optimistic persons in Canada believe the day is not far distant when the Dominion will become a republic independent of England. In such an event, they believe, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would become the head of the new nation.

When the imperial council of defense sent out from London recommendations that included the construction, manning and operation of a Canadian war navy protests arose from all parts of the Dominion. The actual government measure presented by Sir Wilfrid to the house of commons has caused another outburst, which indicates clearly that many Canadians look forward to ultimate independence.

The defense council suggested that Canada build one Dreadnaught, three cruisers, six destroyers and three submarines, beginning with the dreadnaught. The Laurier bill calls for three cruisers and four destroyers, which will cost $8,000,000 to build and $1,500,000 a year to maintain.

Sir Wilfrid stated on the floor of the house that the Canadian fleet would not be under orders from London and would not even participate in naval warfare as a British ally, unless specifically ordered to do so by the Canadian parliament.

"If we have no voice in making peace or war," says the Montreal Herald, "how can we with safety abandon the right to follow what course we please? Unquestionably, being who we are, our fleet will almost under any conceivable circumstances co-operate with the British navy when war ensues. But the power of volition in a matter of such moment must be retained."

The Ottawa Citizen states its case thus: "Should the day come when the country that was the cradle of liberty proves recreant to its traditions, then Canada will disown that country and change its flag instanter."

## HE'LL BE THE CAFE KING

Henri Pruger, for the last seven years general manager of the Hotel Savoy, London, has been engaged as general manager of the new Cafe de l'Opera in New York City at a salary of $50,000. This, it is believed, is the largest salary paid to any restaurant manager in the world. Mr. Pruger is president of the company that will operate the restaurant, which has just been opened. It occupies an entire building on the west side of Broadway, between Forty-second and Forty-first streets.

In London Mr. Pruger has become known to thousands of Americans. Before going to the Savoy, he conducted the Grand Hotel Nationale, Leizone, and a chain of hotels in southern Europe, including the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo and the Grand Hotel at Rome.

"I realize keenly," said Mr. Pruger, "that my work in New York will be enough to keep any man thoroughly alive. American hotels and restaurants are in many respects the finest in the world. There are hotels and restaurants in this city which have no superiors anywhere. In the new Cafe de l'Opera it is our desire to add still another brilliant establishment to the list of those of which New York is so proud. Two of the best chefs in Europe have been brought to New York to see that the culinary part of the restaurant begins operations as it should.

"In furnishings and decorations we have a restaurant unique. I feel that my life's work lies in New York, and although I was sorry to leave my old friends in London I welcome the opportunity of working in America in a restaurant so beautiful as the Cafe de l'Opera."

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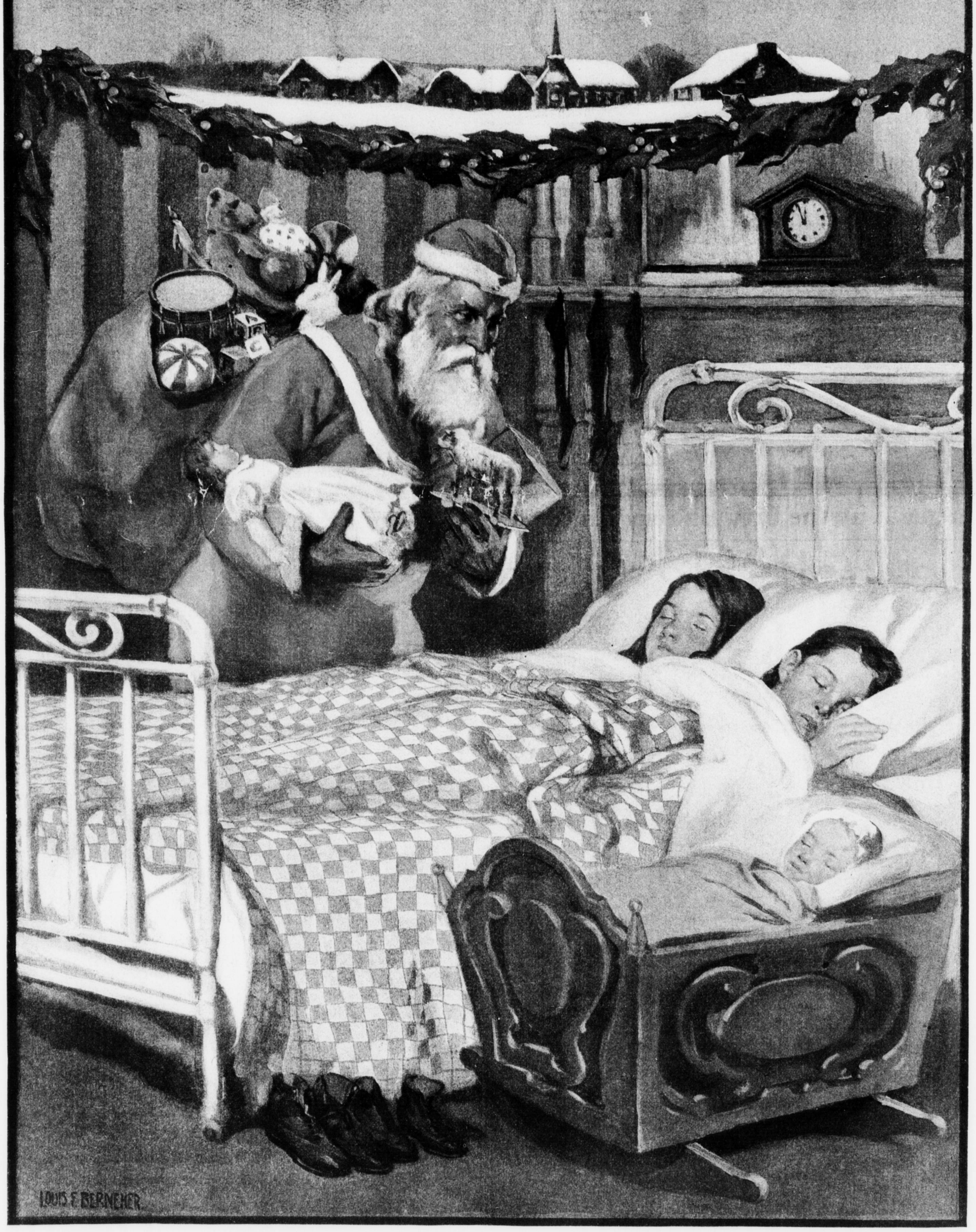
# CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

**CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1909.**



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*Two Doors West of Post Office*

*We invite you to drop in and see us and price our line of sensible, useful and pure goods. Everything fresh and up to date.*

*Choicest Candies and Fruits Cigars and Tobacco*

*You will Save Money by Dealing Here*

C. R. MARTIN.

**For That Dull Feeling After Eating**

I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion, They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at Geo. C. Taggaggart's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

Mrs. S. Jones, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble for several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine and I heartily recommend it." For sale by all druggists.

The next time one of the children catch cold, give it something that will promptly and freely but gently move the bowels. In that way the cold will at once be driven out of the system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels promptly and freely, yet gently, and at the same time heals irritation and stops the cough. It is especially good for children. Sold by all druggists.

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. It stops the croup, relieves the congestion, and expels the cold from your system. Is mildly laxative. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

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## VERY FINE BIRDS.

His Wife's Comment on the Result of His Hunting Trip.

The braggadocio of the common variety of husbands generally sooner or later falls before the keen insight that most women have of human nature in general and bragging husbands in particular. A witty southern woman was married to such a man, who, though invariably unsuccessful as a hunter, was continually boasting of his killings.

As he was returning home one evening after an all day hunting trip it occurred to him that the usual accompaniment of an empty game bag was not in accordance with his oft boasted skill as a hunter and that his wife would again have the joke on him, so he went to the market and purchased two brace of partridges.

As he entered the house he threw them on the table with great eclat and exclaimed, "Well, you dear old doubter, you see that I am handier with the gun than you give me credit for being, after all; now don't you?"

Milady picked up the birds and examined them very carefully. As she looked up after the examination he said:

"Fine birds, my dear—very fine birds, are they not?"

"Robert," responded the wife, turning up her nose, "you were only just in time in shooting those birds today. Tomorrow it would have been everlastingly too late."—St. Louis Republic.

## EATING AN APPLE.

What You Take Into Your System With the Fruit.

"Do you know what you're eating?" said the doctor to the girl.

"An apple, of course."

"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus."

"I hope those things are good. They sound alarming."

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observed, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters if retained render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. Oh, the ancients were not wrong when they esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor."—New York Tribune.

**Strange Lapse of Memory.**

Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priestly was preparing his work entitled "Harmony of the Gospels" he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion relative to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and laid the paper away. His attention and time being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject occurred to his mind again. Then the same time and pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before, and the results were again put on paper and laid aside. So completely had he forgotten that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.

**A Question For the King.**

Divinity doth not always hedge a king. There have been many rulers who could take as well as give in the joking line. The most striking instance of this kind is seen in the case of Charles II., that good natured Stuart, who once asked his chaplain, Dr. Stillingfleet:

"How is it that you always read your sermons before me when, as I understand, you can preach eloquently enough elsewhere without book or notes?"

The good doctor answered that he was so overwhelmed by his majesty's presence that he could not trust himself otherwise, continuing, "And now, sire, may it please you to tell me why you read your speeches when you have no such excuse?"—St. Louis Republic.

**Her Own Coin.**

There was quite a scene the other night at a certain bridge party. A loser paid a lady with her own I. O. U.'s. The lady said it was most ungentlemanly. She said she wouldn't have minded being paid back in her own coin, but she disliked paper money.—Exchange.

**The Harder Part.**

"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes it's hard to find the new tricks" added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

**Well Bred.**

Gentleman—That looks a well bred dog. Owner—I should think he was well bred. Why, he won't have a bit of dinner till he's got his collar on!—Punch

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WE LOAN YOU THE BANK,
CARRY THE KEY,
GIVE YOU A BANK BOOK,
ADD THE INTEREST.

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There's no gift as suitable and generally profitable for the boy or girl as a savings account, a gift that will change the youth's viewpoint of the future.

T

Make the decision now and start a savings account with this good bank for each of your children and present them with the bank and book on Christmas morning. $1.00 starts the account and loans you the bank.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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